

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE ...

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

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Radio Stars

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PAGE

RADIO

MAGAZINE

GRAMS

Posed by

WAYNE

KING

LAST, THE TRUTH ABOUT FAY AND RUDY

PAUL WHITEMAN solves a mystery and gives a clue to finer radio music



1 ON THE DANCE FLOOR

OH, MR. WHITEMAN,
HOW DIFFERENT
YOUR MUSIC SOUNDS
—IT WAVES SO
ON MY RADIO

STRANGE—
IT MUST BE
YOUR RADIO



2

HOW WOULD YOU TWO LIKE TO
SEE INSIDE A RADIO STUDIO? I'M
GOING OVER IN A FEW MINUTES

OH, HOW
THRILLING—
I'VE ALWAYS
WANTED TO
SEE THEM
BROADCAST



3 IN RADIO CITY

THESE ARE THE BIG
RCA TUBES ALL THE
LARGE STATIONS
DEPEND ON

AND, OF COURSE,
OUR ENGINEERS
CHANGE THEM
REGULARLY TO
INSURE THE VERY
CLEAREST TONE



4

AHA—MAYBE
THAT'S WHAT
YOUR SET NEEDS
—NEW TUBES

THAT'S THE ONE
THING WE FORGOT.
THEY'RE ABOUT
A YEAR OLD, I'LL
HAVE THEM TEST-
ED FIRST THING



5 A WEEK LATER

OH, MR. WHITEMAN,
YOUR MUSIC COMES
IN FINE ON OUR
RADIO NOW. WE
HAVE A NEW SET OF
MICRO-SENSITIVE
RCA RADIO TUBES

THAT'S GREAT—
TELL YOUR FRIENDS
ABOUT IT. THEY
WANT BETTER
RECEPTION, TOO

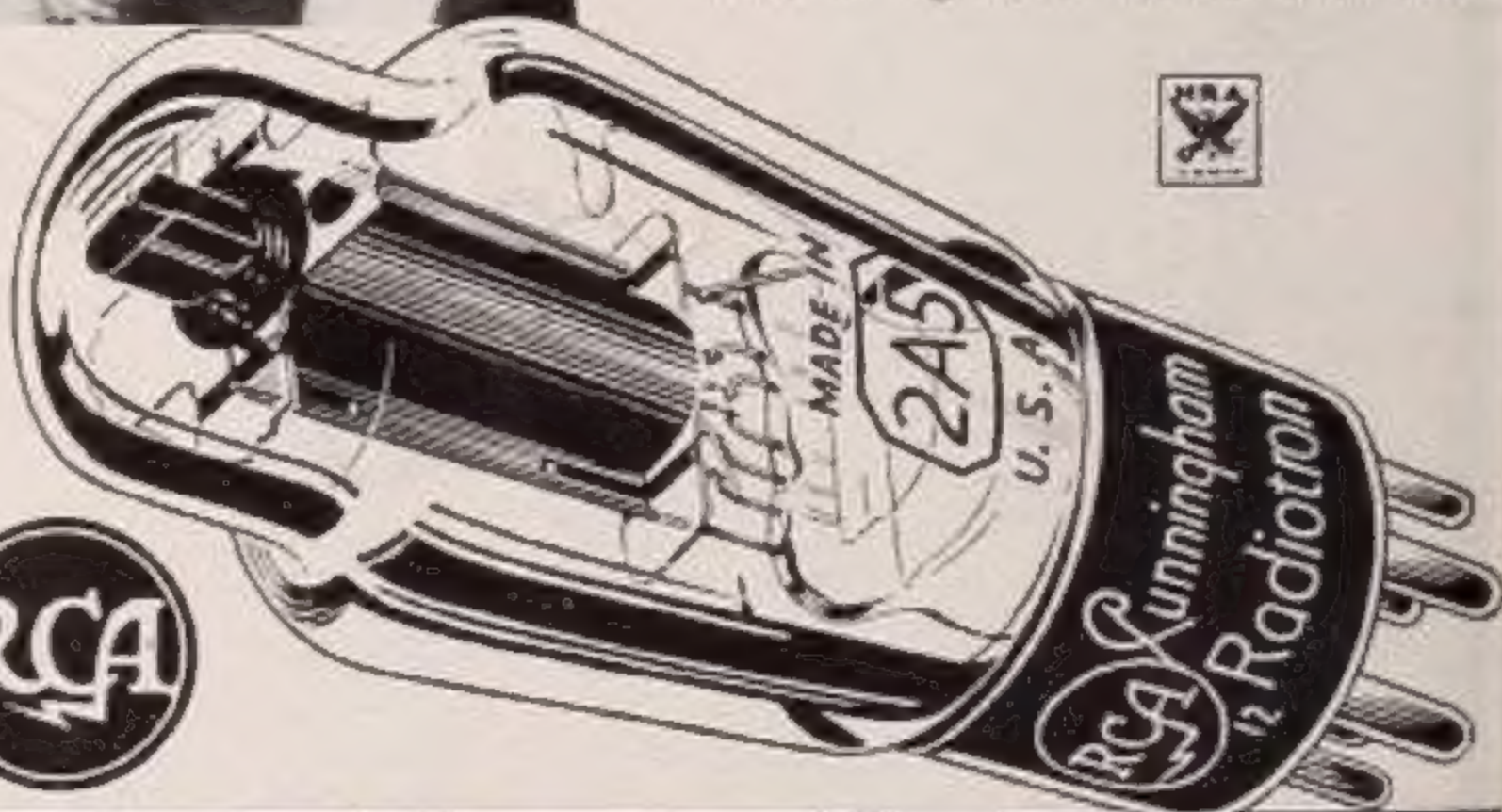


NEW LIFE FOR OLD RADIOS!

Quicker start! More power! Better tone! It really means *new life* for your set when you replace old, worn radio tubes with these new Micro-Sensitive tubes by RCA. These are the only tubes *guaranteed* by RCA Radiotron Company to give you 5 important improvements in tube performance... Have your dealer test your tubes today and replace those that are worn. Insist on RCA Radio Tubes—and bring back the thrill of radio.

New Micro-Sensitive
RCA Radio Tubes give you:

- 1 Quicker Start
- 2 Quieter Operation
- 3 Uniform Volume
- 4 Uniform Performance
- 5 Every Tube is Matched



Lunningham Radiotron



3 DEADLY ENEMIES



LIE IN WAIT FOR YOUR DRESS!

Friction, perspiration, chemicals — any one of them can ruin your nice new dress in a single careless wearing. Even when overheated rooms or intense emotion suddenly stimulate underarm moisture, you can feel perfectly safe if your dress is equipped with genuine Kleinert's Dress Shields — they give *guaranteed protection* and you can buy them for as little as 25¢ a pair where you bought this magazine.

They will not only prevent the stains which are so embarrassing to every fastidious woman but they will actually make your dress *last longer* by safeguarding it at the underarm — the point of greatest wear.

P.S. Ask to see Kleinert's Adjustable Nuvo Belt.



PROTECT IT WITH

Kleinert's DRESS SHIELDS

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.


as low as
25¢
a pair



RADIO STARS

LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE



AT LAST! THE TRUTH ABOUT RUDY AND FAY

Rudy Vallee desired above all things a successful marriage. His ears were closed to all rumors—he wanted to forgive and forget for he sincerely loved his young wife. We bring to you the true story of the deep love and devotion that so long held his heart prisoner.

CURTIS MITCHELL, Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

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Cover Design by Marland Stone



New Color For Old—With Easy Tintex!

These Tints and Dyes
bring smart, Spring
colors to faded Apparel
and Home Decorations



In Your Home use Tintex for

Curtains
Drapes
Doilies
Dinner Cloths
Luncheon Sets
Blankets
Cushions
Bed Spreads
Table Runners
Slip Covers

FASHION says, "now is the time to do away
with drab, 'washed-out' colors."

And common sense says, "use Tintex to restore
the original color to faded apparel and home
decorations — or to give everything entirely
different colors."

These famous tints and dyes save *time, money*
and *trouble*. They give *always perfect results*—
equalled only by expensive professional work.
No wonder millions of women use them. No
wonder Tintex Tints and Dyes are by far the
most popular in the world! 35 brilliant, long-
lasting colors from which to choose.

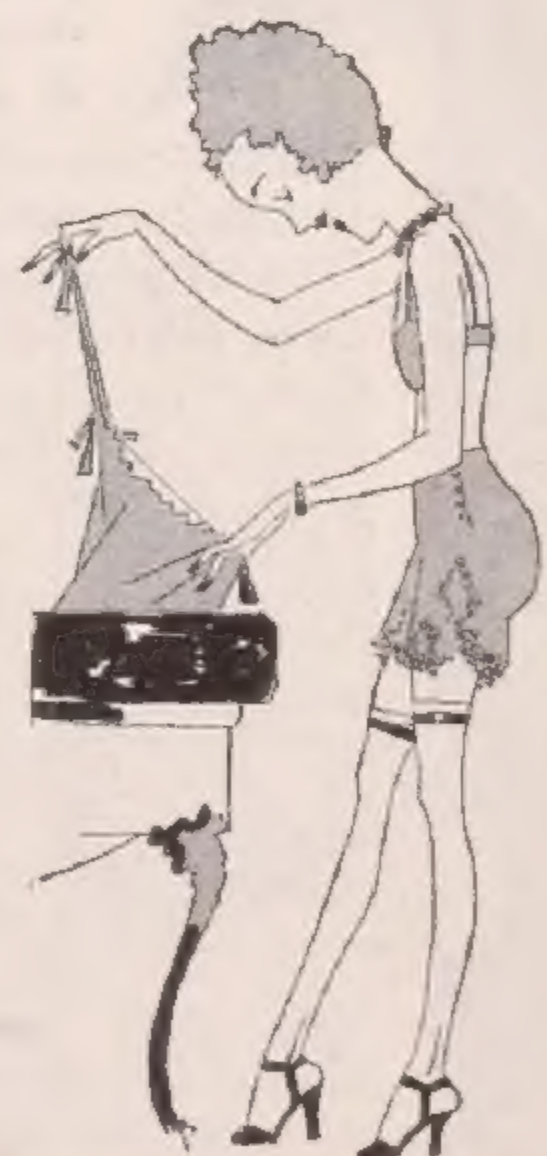
On sale at drug stores and
notion counters everywhere

Tintex
...World's largest selling
TINTS and DYES
PARK & TILFORD, Distributors



In Your Wardrobe use Tintex for

Underthings
Negligees
Dresses
Coats
Sweaters
Scarfs
Stockings
Slips
Blouses
Children's Clothes



To Change Dark Colors to Light—use Tintex COLOR REMOVER



Supposing you have a
dark dress (or any other
dark-colored article) and
are pining for a lighter
colored one...



Tintex Color Remover
will safely and speedily
take out all trace of color
(including black) from
any fabric...



Then it can be redyed or
tinted with Tintex Tints
and Dyes in any new
shade to suit yourself—
either light or dark.

Hear "THE SINGING STRANGER"

WITH
WADE BOOTH and DOROTHY DAY!

IN THE NEW BLUE-JAY
RADIO PROGRAM!

Broadway
Stars!

Music!

Drama!



**WADE
BOOTH**

Star of many
Broadway hits!
He's the
"Singing
Stranger" —
wait 'til you
hear him sing!



**DOROTHY
DAY** — Star of
Counsellor at
Law and other
Broadway suc-
cesses!

• Also a

glorious musical ensem-
ble! Be sure to tune in for
"The Singing Stranger."
Over NBC (38 stations,
Coast to Coast) 4:15
Eastern Standard Time.

AND HERE'S
HOW TO
REMOVE
CORNS—safely,
scientifically



1 Soak foot ten
minutes in hot
water, wipe dry.



2 Apply Blue-Jay
centering pad di-
rectly over corn.



3 After 3 days
the corn is gone.
Remove plaster,
soak foot ten min-
utes in hot water,
lift out the corn.

a is the 868 medication that gently
undermines the corn.
b is the felt pad that relieves the
pressure, stops pain at once.
c is strip that holds the pad in
place, prevents slipping.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC
CORN REMOVER



Elder Solomon Lightfoot Michaux whose congregational broadcasts
are heard over the Columbia Broadcasting System

THE ELDER ANSWERS

Elder Michaux wants it understood that
those "ugly rumors" are actually rumors

TWO months ago, you will remem-
ber, Elder Lightfoot Solomon
Michaux, whose church services are
broadcast by CBS from Washing-
ton, D. C., was the subject of an
interesting story written by Hope
Hale for RADIO STARS. In it she told
of Washington rumors about the
colored minister.

"I am afraid that you did not
notice the writer's statement that
these were ugly rumors," says the
Elder in a letter to RADIO STARS.
Yes, Miss Hale did say they were
ugly rumors. But Elder Michaux
wants it stressed that they were only
rumors and "such rumors are the
price that every man must pay for
being able to lead men out of dark-
ness into the light of God's Truth."
And so for the first time he writes
for publication.

"I, your humble servant, Elder
Lightfoot Solomon Michaux, have
declared war on the devil who is the

arch enemy of every living soul that
honors God in truth and sincerity.
For the Lord demands of those who
serve Him their whole being, spirit,
soul and body; for no other way can
we serve Him in spirit and truth."
And then he continues:

"Your answer to the question
whether or not it is true that we
charge candidates \$3.50 per head for
performing the rites of baptism (as
was stated in the columns of this
magazine) is 'NO!' a thousand times,
'NO!'"

HE further explains: "Instead of
charging a candidate to be bap-
tized, if one comes up desiring to be
baptized but has no baptismal robe,
the church will purchase such a robe
for him if he is not able to buy one,
that he might not be left out of the
baptizing.

"Another incident that has raised
much comment which I wish to point

out to show you the devil's eagerness to lie is the story about my two foreign cars. One of these so called foreign cars is nothing more or less than a 1926 model Pierce Arrow which has just about ended its days of usefulness; the other is a 1930 Ruxton, manufactured in St. Louis by the Ruxton Motor Car Company which failed after manufacturing a few cars, and because of the small number of these cars in use, they have gained the distinction of being foreign cars; which I have never attempted to correct, for when the devil is able to make folks believe that a Pierce Arrow, one of America's first built cars that is still being manufactured today in America is a foreign car, because Elder Michaux rides in it, why should I attempt to make them believe that a Ruxton is different. For I was not sent by God to preach automobiles, but the Gospel of Christ, for it is the Gospel alone that satisfies the human heart and makes man happy when he obeys it. Our church believes the teaching of Christ to be true which says 'First seek ye the Kingdom of Heaven and all things you need will be added.'

"I am not against riding in a foreign car, but as long as God adds to my needs American built cars, they are good enough for me, for I feel that the cars we build are the best.

"Much interest has been manifested to know where the funds come from to make this broadcast possible, as we broadcast over station WJSV, Mt. Vernon Hills, Alexandria, Va., every day in the year counting 365 days to the year, except Leap year, at 6:30 A. M. Eastern Standard Time; Sundays at 8 A. M. and every Saturday over a Columbia Hook-Up from coast to coast.

"The funds do not come in by thousands nor by the hundreds to support this broadcast, as it is commonly thought; but you owe your gratitude to Mr. Harry C. Butcher the Vice President and General Manager of the Old Dominion Broadcasting System which is a 100 percent subsidiary of the Columbia Broadcasting System. This man discovered the merit and value of this program after carrying it a year as a sustaining program over his station, making no charges to the Church only for an operator who had to be on the job at the Church each morning. This broadcast was then presented by him to the Columbia Broadcasting System for an audition and his judgment was confirmed as to its merit and value. So 'Happy Am I' was hurled into every radio home by the Columbia Broadcasting System. So that's that!

"So no political, industrial or commercial Boss runs this program

Handed down through more than five generations is the



knowledge that fine thread can be recognized easily—



merely by making sure that the label on the spool-end



bears the name Coats or Clark's Best Six Cord. Either is



a guarantee of smooth, even, elastic thread that neither



THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

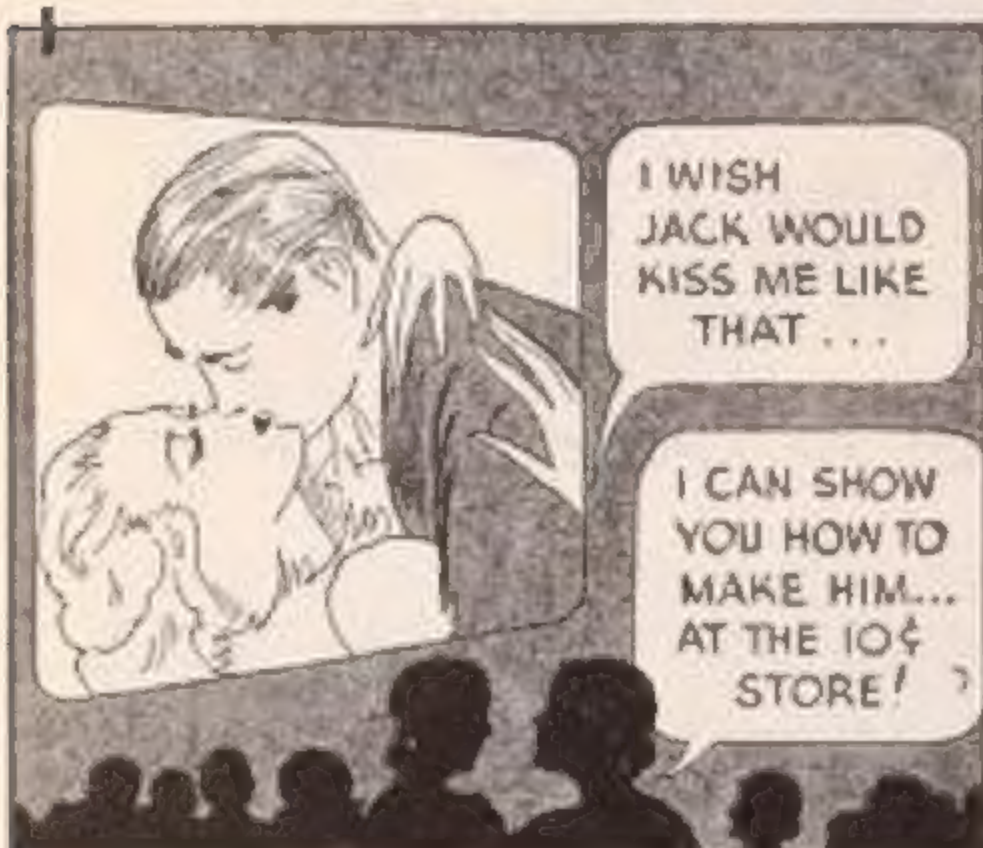
frays nor tangles; that sews a fine, strong, enduring seam.

J. & P. COATS • CLARK'S O. N. T.

For more than a century — as today

THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

At last Mary Gets a "MOVIE KISS"



Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

Now you can give your lips the irresistible appeal of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows! Just use the same make-up—the new **KISSPROOF Indelible Lipstick—Special Theatrical Color**. This lipstick gives an effect so alluring, indeed, that it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing-rooms of both Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! The stars could pay any price—yet, it happens, their matchless make-up costs but a few cents! See what it can do for you tonight. You can get **KISSPROOF Lipstick** in all shades—including the **Special Theatrical Color**—at any drug or department store or at the ten cent stores.

Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK

which wages war against the devil. It is God who furnishes the Spirit, Elder Michaux and his church the enthusiasm, and the Columbia Broadcasting System the service. Well, Glory!"

WITH his familiar greeting, "Now, my precious ones," Elder Michaux delves at length into the spiritual operation of his church. His congregation believes that man can be perfect if he will practice righteousness; that its church is built upon the teaching of the New Testament; that it is possible for man to live without sinning; and that to serve Christ is to serve and make one another happy. If you've listened to his broadcasts, you'll understand the stress of happiness.

But about those rumors! The Elder writes:

"We do not believe in a paid ministry or a paid choir or a rented pew in a church. We do not believe in a taxed membership. Our church is supported by free-will offering only. We do not allow our members to practice any form of begging to raise money to support the church. We don't have any selling suppers, bazaars or any form of entertainment to raise money to support our church work. We only ask for a

free will offering from the members and those who gather at our service to support our work.

"Each minister in the work who has a parish to look after is given a home by the church and a free will offering once each month by the congregation to meet his expenses; and if he has more than one charge under his care, transportation is supplied, in the best way economically. If his preaching is poor, his congregation will be small. So if he wants a better free will offering, he will have to do better preaching. The whole thing in the nut shell is this: we do not believe in a preacher being hired by a congregation. So you see Elder Michaux is not hired, so he cannot be fired, no matter how hot the devil may get in the folks he preaches to. Well Glory!

"Now regarding membership in our church. No one can become a member who does not believe that he can live without sin, for Jesus came to save people from sinning. No man or woman who drinks, smokes or gambles in any form is admitted to be a member of the Church of God. No man who will not support his wife and provide for his household can become a member. For the Bible says the man who fails to do this is worse than an infidel. So that's that, Precious Ones!"

The Band Box

(Continued from page 61)

and the golden-haired beauty from Illinois, Margery Briggs.

• No longer are those old familiar words "—broadcasting from Al Quodbach's Granada Cafe, 68th Street and Cottage, Chicago" heard on the airplanes. This night spot, which first brought fame and fortune to Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, recently burned to the ground causing a loss of \$200,000. The blaze was believed to have been of incendiary origin—perhaps started by a match from that apparently inexhaustible supply of covers with Guy's face on them which Quodbach had struck off during Lombardo's stay there and which he continued to pass out throughout all the years that followed—through the tenures of Paul Whiteman, Fred Waring, Tom Gerun, and finally of Henry Busse.

Here during the boom days the Lombardos packed the cafe with guests the year around, though the spot is across the street from a cemetery and ten miles from the center of night life in Chicago. Here Carmen won his first plaudits with such numbers as "Coquette," "Japansy" and "Sweethearts on Parade," the melody that came winging through his mind

one evening on the way to work. Carmen called up a song writer who improvised some lyrics, read them back over the phone to Carmen and it was put on the air that same evening.

From this spot, too, murder just missed going on the air. In the hey day of prohibition as patrons filled their glasses from hip flasks under the tables, competitive beer barons shot it out. When the smoke cleared away Stubby McGovern and Gunner McFadden, gangsters, lay dead beside the band stand. The mike had been turned off just before the fight. Guy and his boys were playing Ted Fiorito's "King For a Day."

• Since Guy Lombardo is way out in California and I am in New York, I wasn't able to get all the ages I wanted, but maybe this resumé of Lombardo's orchestra will satisfy his many followers. You see I promised Uncle Answer Man I'd give the personnel of one orchestra each month. So-o-o-o, here goes.

Guy Lombardo, 32, conductor; Carmen Lombardo, saxophone and vocals; Lebert Lombardo, 29, trumpet; Victor Lombardo, 23, reeds; Fred Kreitzer, piano; George

Gowans, drums; Fred Higman, 27, saxophone; Bern Davies, tuba; Lawrence Owen, 31, saxophone; James Dillon, 31, trombone; Francis Henry, 28, banjo; Hugo D'Ippolito, piano; and Frank Fleming, trumpet.

● Clyde Lucas, NBC maestro, is going in for novel instruments. Recently he exhibited a marimba which is so large that it requires four men to play it. It's built like a xylophone except that it is several times larger and has tropical wood resonators instead of metal. It took Lucas four months to build it.

● Proprietors of Chicago's College Inn are encountering plenty of difficulty in finding a band that can do any more than merely follow Ben Bernie. The Old Maestro was in the spot practically three years. (Oldsters remember, however, that Bernie isn't the College Inn record holder. Maurie Sherman broadcast from the spot for almost seven years.) Buddy Rogers was the first to try. He was O. K. when the World Fair guests filled the town. Despite terrific ballyhoo, Phil Harris lasted less than three months. Paul Ash, once a great local theatre favorite, refused to play second fiddle to Noble Sissle, the colored batoneer, and left in a huff. Sissle fizzled. Frankie Masters, another Publix favorite of a few years back, is doing the best since Bernie boasted of putting the BB in WBBM from the Inn.

● With WBBM, Chicago, and KFAB, Lincoln, Nebraska, synchronized after 10 p. m., Columbia found it necessary to improve its late dance programs. WBBM lured Harry Sosnik and the Edgewater Beach orchestra line from NBC. NBC's feeling towards Sosnik had been cold ever since last September, when the Swift Revue, for which Sosnik provides the orchestra music, went to CBS, reputedly because NBC could not clear stations quick enough to suit the sponsor. CBS's attempt to attract some of WGN's (independent station) bands — Wayne King, Jan Garber, Hal Kemp, Charlie Agnew, Earl Burtnett and Richard Cole — has failed. Other Chicago CBS orchestras are Ace Brigode, Henry Busse, Art Kahn. And there are a lot of others.

● Was Columbia's face red in Chicago the night Ted Fiorito replaced Fred Waring as master of the old smoothie show. The Lombardos had just gone off the air. There was a momentary pause and then the local announcer's voice: "And now Columbia presents for your entertainment the Chesterfield Show." Hard upon these words came the voice of Kenneth Niles: "And now from the Golden Gate the Old Gold Hour."

What a difference!

what a truly amazing difference
Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids do make



The Approved Mascara



The New Maybelline Eyebrow Brush especially made for shaping and training eyebrows and lashes. 10c

Do you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow scraggly brows and pale, scanty lashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature, your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline eye beauty aids!

Simply darken your lashes into long-appearing, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and see how the eyes instantly appear larger and more expressive. It is absolutely harmless, non-smarting, and tear-proof, and keeps the lashes soft and silky. Black for brunettes, Brown for blondes.

Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how the eyes immediately take on brilliance and color, adding depth and beauty to the expression. There are five exquisite shades of this pure, creamy shadow: Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet, and Green.

Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. A perfect pencil that you will adore. It comes in Black or Brown.

To stimulate the natural growth of your lashes, apply the pure, nourishing Maybelline Eyelash Grower before retiring.

The name Maybelline is your assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman at all leading 10c stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in your appearance!

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

EASY TO USE

.. that's why everyone
is turning to **Perstik**
the "lipstick" Deodorant



Say good-bye to messy old-fashioned deodorants

Like a magic wand Perstik keeps armpits fresh and free from odor for the day.

PERSTIK, the new "lipstick" deodorant, completely out-modes old-fashioned deodorants. PERSTIK is neat and dainty to use. It is greaseless. It does not cover up one odor with another—Perstik actually deodorizes because it contains deodorizing substances never before found in any under-arm preparation.

And you can apply Perstik after shaving; you can slip into your dress instantly because Perstik cannot injure fabrics.

The Modern Way to Prevent Odor

Try PERSTIK. You'll love its smoothness, its daintiness, its handsome black-and-ivory case. And Perstik is so economical.

Be sure you get the REAL PERSTIK. Don't buy a cheap imitation that might harm the skin. Genuine Perstik is absolutely pure and safe. *Excellent on sanitary napkins.*

Get PERSTIK wherever you buy your cosmetics. All stores from coast to coast can supply you. Perstik, 469 Fifth Ave., New York.



BOARD OF REVIEW

A COUPLE of cheers! We've two 5-star programs this month. Tell that to the historians. Lucky Strike smokes into first place and Cadillac free-wheels into second. Maybe we're going high-brow with opera and symphonics and stuff. Now hang your heads for the worst. Six programs are in the 2-star class. That's not so good.

Curtis Mitchell
RADIO STARS Magazine, Chairman

Alton Cook
New York World-Telegram, N.Y.C.

S. A. Coleman
Wichita Beacon, Wichita, Kan.

Norman Siegel
Cleveland Press, Cleveland, O.

Andrew W. Smith
News & Age-Herald, Birmingham, Ala.

Lecta Rider
Houston Chronicle, Houston, Texas

Si Steinhauer
Pittsburgh Press, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Leo Miller
Bridgeport Herald, Bridgeport, Conn.

Charlotte Geer
Newark Evening News, Newark, N. J.

Richard G. Moffett
Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville, Fla.

Dan Thompson
Louisville Times, Louisville, Ky.

R. B. Westergaard
Register & Tribune, Des Moines, Ia.

C. L. Kern
Indianapolis Star, Indianapolis, Ind.

Larry Walters
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.

James E. Chinn
Evening and Sunday Star, Washington, D. C.

H. Dean Fitzer
Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo.

Walter Ramsey
Dell Publishing Co., Hollywood, Calif.

Vivian M. Gardner
Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wis.

***** Excellent
**** Good
*** Fair
** Poor

- ***** LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS THE METROPOLITAN OPERA (NBC).
A daring advertising experiment tastefully executed.
- ***** CADILLAC PROGRAM (NBC).
Fine music will sell motorcars.
- ***** AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC (NBC).
We like the old things best.
- **** COLUMBIA SYMPHONY WITH HOWARD BARLOW (CBS).
Always a treat.
- **** PABST BLUE RIBBON WITH BEN BERNIE (NBC).
How do you do it, Ben?
- **** WHITE OWL PROGRAM WITH BURNS & ALLEN.
Progressive insanity remains funny enough.
- **** CITIES SERVICE WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC).
Lovely is the word.
- **** FLEISCHMANN HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE (NBC).
Always good.
- **** MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT (NBC).
Proving that a costume musicale succeeds.
- **** KRAFT-PHENIX PROGRAM WITH PAUL WHITEHEAD (NBC).
The best music plus Deems Taylor.
- **** BUICK PROGRAM WITH ANDRE KOSTELANETZ (NBC).
- **** LINIT HOUR WITH ERNO RAPEE, NINO MARTINI, JANE FROMAN, JULIUS TANNEN & TED HUSING (CBS).
A good, big, sweet-sounding show.
- **** WOODBURY WITH BING CROSBY (CBS).
Bing remains the nation's favorite.
- **** BAKERS BROADCAST WITH JOE PENNER & OZZIE NELSON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- **** WARDEN LAWES IN 20,000 YEARS IN SING SING (NBC).
One of the best.
- **** WALTZ TIME WITH ABE LYMAN AND FRANK MUNN (NBC).
- **** ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC).
- **** CHEVROLET PROGRAM WITH JACK BENNY (NBC).
Off the air, by the time you read this.
- **** JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS WITH JOSEF PASTERNAK'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- **** JOHN MCCORMACK WITH WM. DALY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
Good, but not as good as his concert.
- **** ALBERT SPALDING, CONRAD THIBAUT & DON VOORHEES' ORCHESTRA (CBS) Wed. nights.
Ditto for Spalding, too.
- **** HALL OF FAME, HINES HONEY & ALMOND (NBC).
- **** CHESTERFIELD WITH PHILADELPHIA SYMPHONY (CBS).
- **** A bright idea that had too short a period.
- **** VOICE OF FIRESTONE WITH RICHARD CROOKS (NBC).
- **** VOICE OF FIRESTONE WITH LAWRENCE TIBBETT (NBC).

- **** FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARING (NBC).
- **** CAMEL PROGRAM WITH CASA LOMA BAND (CBS).
- **** THE TOWN CRIER, ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT (CBS).
The season's newest sensation.
- **** THE BYRD EXPEDITION BROADCASTS (CBS).
Regardless of static, it's thrilling.
- *** A. & P. GYPSIES WITH HARRY HOLLICK (NBC).
- *** AMOS 'N' ANDY (NBC).
- *** ARMOUR PROGRAM WITH PHIL BAKER (NBC).
The change to a N. Y. studio didn't help.
- *** THE GOLDBERGS, PEPSODENT PROGRAM (NBC).
- *** BOND BREAD WITH SANDERSON AND CRUMIT (CBS).
- *** PHILCO NEWS COMMENTATOR—BOAKE CARTER (CBS).
- *** CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE HOUR WITH RUBINOFF AND CANTOR.
- *** ENO CRIME CLUES (NBC).
- *** FIRST NIGHTER WITH CHAS. HUGHES (NBC).
- *** PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM WITH LEO REISMAN (NBC).
- *** CUTEY PROGRAM WITH PHIL HARRIS (NBC).
- *** EDWIN C. HILL (CBS).
- *** LADY ESTHER SERENADE WITH WAYNE KING (NBC).
- *** REAL SILK WITH TED WEEMS (NBC).
- *** MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND, PROGRAM OF DR. LYON'S TOOTH PASTE (NBC).
- *** YEAST FOAMERS WITH JAN GARBEL (NBC).
- *** OLD GOLD PROGRAM WITH TED FIORITO AND DICK POWELL.
- *** VANITY FAIR, POND'S PROGRAM WITH VICTOR YOUNG AND MAUDE ADAMS (NBC).
- *** HUDSON-ESSEX PROGRAM WITH B. A. ROLFE (NBC).
- *** SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC).
- *** SINGING LADY (NBC).
- *** TEXACO PROGRAM WITH ED WYNN (NBC).
- *** MAJOR BOWES CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC).
- *** THE SHIP OF JOY WITH CAPT. DOBBSIE (NBC).
- *** WALTER WINCHELL (NBC).
- *** NESTLE WITH ETHEL SHUTTA & WALTER O'KEEFE (NBC).
- *** DEATH VALLEY DAYS (NBC).
- *** MYRT AND MARGE (CBS).
- *** EX-LAX WITH GERTRUDE NEISEN AND ISHAM JONES (CBS).
- *** CALIFORNIA MELODIES WITH RAYMOND PAIGE (CBS).
- *** EASY ACES (CBS).
- *** ELDER MICHAUX AND HIS CONGREGATION FROM WASHINGTON (CBS).
- *** GEORGIE JESSEL.
- *** SOCONYLAND SKETCHES (NBC).
- *** SEALED POWER SIDE SHOW WITH CLIFF SOUBIER, MORIN SISTERS AND HAROLD STOKES (NBC).

- *** THE SMITH BROTHERS, TRADE AND MARK (NBC).
- *** THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WITH LENNY HAYTON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- *** WELCH GRAPE JUICE PROGRAM WITH IRENE RICH (NBC).
- *** WLS BARN DANCE (NBC).
- *** HAPPY WONDER BAKERS WITH PHIL DUEY, FRANK LUTHER AND JACK PARKER (CBS).
- *** COLUMBIA NEWS SERVICE (CBS).
- *** THE AMERICAN REVUE WITH ETHEL WATERS AND DENNY ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- *** BROADWAY MELODIES WITH HELEN MORGAN (CBS).
- *** ROYAL GELATINE, JACK PEARL (NBC).
- *** THE CRUISE OF THE SCHOONER SETH PARKER (NBC).
- *** POWDER BOX REVUE, JACK DENNY, JEANNIE LANG & JACK WHITING (CBS).
- *** Pleasant, but unexciting.
- *** PONTIAC WITH COL. STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD (CBS).
- *** JUNIS POWDER, EDDIE DUCHIN (NBC).
- *** EVENING IN PARIS (CBS).
- *** VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS).
- *** CORN COB PIPE CLUB (NBC).
- *** FITCH PROGRAM WITH WENDELL HALL (NBC).
- *** MADAME SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD (NBC).
- *** SWIFT REVUE WITH OLSEN AND JOHNSON (NBC).



Lucrezia Bori graces our top-notch program—the Metropolitan Opera

Contest Winners

It's all over. The series of three contests featuring those dumb letters Janie wrote to Vee. And three first-place winners have been given their award—free trips to New York City where they went places and did things in a big way.

The three winners were: Mr. J. R. Ross, 5 West Rock Avenue, New Haven, Conn.; Miss Mildred A. Bradley, Box 62, Sheldonville, Mass.; and Miss Jacquetta Calvin, 1507 Coty Street, Shreveport, La.

Watch the next issue of RADIO STARS for details of the last contest and pictures of the party RADIO STARS gave for the three winners.



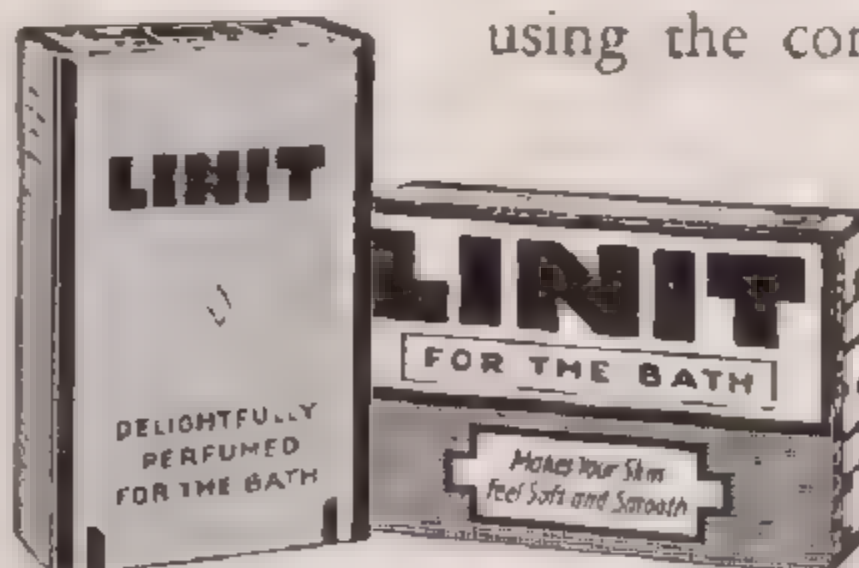
MRS. ERNO RAPEE

wife of Noted Conductor, 7 Star Revue Radio Orchestra
laughed when she heard about the
50¢ Lipstick for 10¢ and *then...*

MRS. RAPEE tried the marvelous LINIT Beauty Bath, sent for a lipstick (see coupon below) and is now convinced of the genuine quality, delicate scent and attractive appearance of these exquisite lipsticks.

The makers of LINIT, The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin, are offering *YOU* these astonishing values in lipsticks solely to introduce their famous product, LINIT, and prove that using LINIT in *your* bath will give you a new sensation and make your skin feel velvety soft—*immediately*.

Merely send a top from a LINIT package and 10¢ (wrapping and postage costs) for EACH lipstick wanted, using the convenient coupon below.



LINIT is sold by
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CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, Dept. MM
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Please send me _____ lipstick(s). Shade(s) as checked below. I enclose _____ and _____ LINIT package top(s).

☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark

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Address _____

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THIS OFFER
good in U. S. A.
only and expires
Sept. 1, 1934

RUTH ETTING'S SECRET MEMORIES

By FRANCES BARR MATTHEWS

THERE is a song in the heart of Ruth Etting—a song that she never sings but that you hear in the very quality of her voice. It is the song of her memories.

For behind her success there are truths so human and intimate that they might almost better not be told lest the printed word rob them of their reality.

I'm going to tell them to you because Ruth has said that I might and because I think they reveal her as she has never been revealed before; as a woman of flesh and blood, the panorama of whose life is the background for every touching song she sings and forms a pattern which is strong and rugged and beautiful.

Come to that town of two thousand and two hundred inhabitants in Butler County, Nebraska. A country of pioneers, of homesteaders! The County gave George H. Etting a large tract of land because they wanted him to build a flour mill in David City. He built that mill and turned a village which had boasted only a ramshackle railroad station and a grain elevator into a thriving town

where prosperous and industrious land-owners raised large and happy families.

A little girl of six is brought to live at the rambling, peaceful home of George Etting. She cannot understand what the grownups mean when they tell her that her mother has died. Suffering and death are only terrifying words to her, signifying nothing.

"This is where you are to live, Ruth," her father tells her. "From now on you must do as your grandmother tells you. She's your—your mother, now."

George Etting's wife—Ruth Etting's grandmother. A sweet, gracious, hard-working woman who revelled in the back-breaking job of cooking and caring for the sons and daughters she had borne and bred. Alfred was one of her favorite children. He was the town's



Everything about Ruth is happy—even the young pup is "Happy." Makes it his duty to guard the lovely singer, and our cameraman had to give in and take them together.



Lovely lady of fashion—that's what you think anytime you see Ruth Etting—gives style to everything she does. Design just comes natural to this girl.

What guarded secrets
lie behind this little
country girl's great suc-
cess in the worlds of song
and stage?

most promising young banker. And now that his poor wife had died, she would take his little daughter, Ruth, under her wing. It was a great joy to discover so late in life that you had another child to raise.

There, in the simple, wholesome existence of the farming country of Nebraska, the roots of the woman, Ruth Etting, were planted. You have read of her love for that life, of her eagerness to return to it—but you have never had a true picture of what that life was—and what it meant to her.

Grandfather Etting, in true German fashion, ruled the ranch. He was respected by his wife, children, grandchildren—respected, feared, loved. His word was law. His philosophy was gospel. And no one in all that large family feared him as much nor adored him as much as little Ruth.



(Above) Is there anything this
lass can't do? (Left) That song
in her heart and memories—
she's giving to you.

She makes food him better than the others did. They had tastes in common. And everything he ever told her was engraved in lasting words on her brain.

When she first learned to read, grandpa took her to the mill and told her to read the motto which hung over the door of his office. It read: "While You're So Busy Working Your Enemies, Your Friends Are Stealing You Blind."

George Etting was a warm human person, but he was also relentless in his judgment of the world and its people. He taught Ruth caution, thrift, industry to self.

When Ruth recently returned to David City for a visit she found that sign still over the door, a faded, rusty monument to her grandfather's memory.

He never gave her toys to play with. Not the ordinary toys of a woman. No dolls or dolls' houses. Only a little yellow clay pig with a slit in the top of it.

"Keep it," he said, "and play with it—and put every cent you ever get into it!"

Ruth did. It became an obsession to fill that little yellow pig with pennies so that her grandfather could open it for her and bring the money to the bank. That obsession has carried into her later life—an eagerness to earn and save.

There were opportunities to earn

even when she was a child. None of the children were commanded to work and do chores. They were hired! Every task had its reward. The Ettings had two cows who gave more milk than the family could use. There were other families in David City who didn't have cows, but needed milk. So milk was sold to them at five cents a quart. Delivering that milk was Ruth's favorite task. And her grandmother gave her one cent for every quart she delivered.

Many a time Ruth's legs were bruised and bleeding from climbing the cherry tree in the Etting orchard. You picked the cherries to sell. And you picked gooseberries, too. And from your share in the profits you filled up the little yellow pig with the slit in its back!

Money, George Etting gave great sums to his friends, never protecting himself with notes. Gentlemen's agreements, perhaps. After George Etting died many friends came to the executors of his will and paid to his estate large amounts which had been borrowed years before! That is the integrity which is part of the early life of Ruth Etting.

If that family had been told then that Ruth was to go into show business, everyone would have been horrified. Everyone except grandfather Etting. There had never been an Etting in that profession. Alex, Ruth's uncle, was preparing for a political career. Today he is mayor of David City. Her father, Alfred, was a banker. For over two years after she had started to dance and later sing in the Marigold Gardens chorus in Chicago, Ruth kept the secret of her new found career from him. The truth would have infuriated him.

But deep in the heart of grandfather Etting there dwelt a passion for things of the theatre. It cropped out in fascinating ways. For example, in that little town the population of which could barely fill a large theatre in New York, George Etting built an opera house. And arranged for touring companies to include David City in their itinerary! He turned a large piece of land which the County had given him, when he first came there from Iowa, into a baseball park! The circus and carnivals made annual stops.

Thrift and caution her grandfather taught her, and he taught her, also, courage.

"I'm not afraid of anything, really," Ruth says in that straightforward way of hers.

The two went into the woods together, hunting and fishing. George Etting was a champion marksman, the crack shot of the state of Nebraska. Once he shot ninety-nine out of a hundred clay pigeons, an amazing feat.

Ruth learned to shoot. "With a rifle," she says. "I never tried a pistol."

She had no fear of mice, of snakes, of insects of any kind. She kept mice for pets, raised them. Once she found a garter snake in a barrel of apples and kept that as a pet, wearing it around her wrist like a bracelet.

She would go proudly down the

(Cont'd on p. 28)

Put Ruth Etting in the picture and you have charm, simplicity, accomplishment. Sweet memories ever inspire her to greater heights of beauty.



We'll tell the world!



HHEY Lanny! Oh, La-a-ne-e-e Ross!

C'mon over and see the thundering avalanch of letters which have buried the Answer Man up to his delicately chiselled nose. More of those letters ask about you than about any other star.

And look at all the things the Answer Man wants his readers to remember just so he won't go completely mad.

First, inquirers, do try to confine yourselves to two questions.

Second, you must realize it's impossible for us to supply you with tickets to broadcasts, get auditions for you, or direct you to good-natured song publishers any more than we can tell you how to get photographs or autographs from celebrities.

Third, that we're trying to give the information requested by the greatest number of askers—that's why we don't usually answer questions concerning electrical transcriptions or independent station artists.

Fourth, that often things you've asked have been answered recently or will soon be answered in this or other departments of RADIO STARS.

All right. Now it's your turn.

+ Q. Lookit, Uncle, will you clean up this Lanny Ross situation once and for all?

A. O. K. nephews, nieces and people to whom I should be more respectful. Lanny is not in love with Mary Lou. Even if he had been, he'd have had to do some snappy affection switching after Muriel Wilson ceased being Mary Lou and they tried out so many others. Right now Lois Bennett is Mary Lou. You remember, she used to be on the air as the Quaker girl.

No, at the moment I write this, no one knows when Lanny is return-

ing from Hollywood. He has a five year contract with Paramount, but that won't interfere with his broadcasting. Yes, yes, of course they really switch from New York to Hollywood when Lanny sings

+ Q. While you're at it, why don't you give us the *whole* Show Boat cast?

A. You asked for it. Now you're going to get it.

Singing Mary Lou—Lois Bennett. (Subject to change without notice and can I help it if they do?) Speaking Mary Lou—Rosaline Greene. Speaking Lanny Ross—Formerly Mlyn Joslyn in New York. (Lanny now does his speaking from the West Coast.) Speaking Conrad Thibault—Formerly Ned Weaver. (Conrad now speaks for himself.) Captain Henry—Charles Winninger. (It is so.) Captain Henry's sister, Maria—Irene Hubbard; Her husband, Walter Jamison—Wright Kramer; Uria Calwader—Mark Smith; Jean Sothern—Jean Sothern; Annette Hanshaw—Speaks shyly for herself; Molasses 'n' January—Pick Malone and Pat Padgett.

+ Q. What's Baby Rose Marie's name?

A. She goes by the name of Rose

Marie Curley and she's not so much of a baby any more.

+ Q. Are Lady Esther and Fran of "Today's Children" the same person?

A. Everyone who asked that receives the 'RADIO STARS' award for astuteness. They are both Bess Johnson.

+ Q. Is Muriel Wilson married?

A. You win if you wagered that she isn't.

+ Q. We'd rather like to know the names of the people in the "Little Italy" sketches.

A. And since I'd rather like to dispose of all those questions, here you are: Dr. Russo, James Meighan (still Thomas' nephew); Papa Marino, Hiram Brown; Mama Marino, Ruth Yorke (also "Marie, the Little French Princess"); Beatrice, Rose Keane; Nick, Ned Wever and Tony, Alfred Corn (also of the Goldbergs).

+ Q. Flocks of us want to know how we can hear Gene and Glen and Lum and Abner.

A. If your set can tune to WTAM in Cleveland, you can hear G. and G. Monday to Saturday at 7:30 A.M. and Monday to Friday at 6:30 P.M. Lum and Abner, you'll get on the same station Monday to Thursday at 6:15 P.M. All times given are Eastern Standard. Sorry I can't tell you they have a network.

+ Q. Is Paul Douglas married?

A. Naw.

+ Q. Well, how about Eddie Stone then?

A. He doesn't think so.

+ Q. We want in plain words some information about Bing
(Continued on page 69)



Lord and his crew off to unknown parts.
Captain Lord and Captain Flink to the right.



These boys, long considered lost, are now at
home—thanks to Captain Lord.



A deck scene of the Schooner "Seth Parker."
(Below) The cook is in his kitchen with tons of
food.



ON THE SCHOONER "SETH PARKER"

Come aboard Phil Lord's ship
and watch one of radio's
most thrilling broadcasts. It's
a story of lost men—of
mothers reunited with sons



The Schooner "Seth Parker" anchored in the Potomac at Washington.
(All photos by Wide World.)

BY OGDEN MAYER

THIS story is being written on board the Schooner "Seth Parker" anchored at Lighthouse Service Wharf at Washington, D. C. It is five minutes until ten on Tuesday evening. In five minutes, fifty-three radio stations in fifty-three cities scattered from New York to California and from Mississippi to Milwaukee will carry to the loud speakers of the nation the voice of Phil Lord telling one of the most human of all stories.

Visitors are seldom allowed here. Tonight there are only three of us in the after cabin studio. And a beautiful room it is. Thirty five feet long and twenty feet wide, finished like an old log cabin with its hand-hewed beams and wide plank floors.

There's an old coal stove in the rear. Right now a half-dozen young salts are lounging around it. Kids almost too young to be sailors, you'd think. But Phillips Lord is a young man himself and he has hired a youthful crew, for the cruise he is taking on this old four-master is one of pleasure. No scientific expedition and the like for him. His only goal is to satisfy his own love for adventure and help you enjoy this adventure through the medium of radio.

Sitting here we see the scene for his weekly broadcast being set. In three minutes we will hear a story that will make our hearts beat a little faster—tears come to our eyes. Tonight, four mothers will hear the voices of sons whom they had thought dead. As yet, those mothers don't know it. Only this afternoon they received a telegram reading: "Be sure and tune your radio in tonight on the red network of the National Broadcasting Company and you will hear a personal message which will mean more to you than anything you ever heard in your life." The messages were signed simply "Seth Parker."

AS I write this, those four mothers are sitting beside loud-speakers in De Soto, Illinois, Jackson, Louisiana; Hampton Falls, Idaho, and Phoenix, Arizona. They are wondering about the meaning of the mysterious telegram.

Here in the cabin of this picturesque ship, which has sailed in so many seas, we wait for the signal that we are on the air. On the historic Potomac with the light of the nation's capitol in the distance, we feel the significance of the moment. This quiet! It's like a spell, like an enchantment! Have you noticed it? We seem to be living romance and high adventure.

We are sitting on a red leather divan. The boys whose voices will soon reach the ears of their mothers sit on a leather lounge, their backs against the hull of the ship. Those old planks behind them could whisper many strange stories of far-off places. Directly across the room is a gun cabinet jammed with elephant guns and big game rifles.

Now, let's meet the Skipper. Phillips H. Lord is standing before a microphone. This is the man, you know, who is known and loved everywhere as "Seth Parker." He gives one last instruction. "If the lights should go out," he says, "flash lights have been set up around the room and will be turned on immediately."

Once during a broadcast from Boston the lights did go out and they had to finish their program in the dark.

It's just ten o'clock. Into a million loudspeakers there seeps the sound of salt-laden wind. A million homes fill with the sound. But look! It's just a phonograph record of wind noises spinning on yonder turntable. Up on deck there's a real wind. Down here, it isn't loud enough to be heard by the microphone. Hence the record.

(Continued on page 53)

(Below) That cap is not a pose with Jimmie Melton. He's a first rate sailor and is really at the tiller of his yacht even if you can't see it in this picture. When this popular tenor gets time off the air he's on the water—cruising around Long Island Sound.



JAMES MELTON

(Lower right) Dimple in chin—devil within. Now who said that one? But this ace vocalist, Frank Parker, has a serious side, too. Goes in for heavy reading and plays a topnotch game of polo in his spare time.

REVEALING SOME FAMOUS FRIENDSHIPS

*for the
first time!*

By MARY JACOBS

To hear the cranes and gossip mongers talk, you'd think there was no such thing as friendship along Radio Row. Bitter mean jealousy, fear; anger, hatred stalk in its place. Knife your best friend before he steals your spot in the radio sun, is their slogan. Despair, disillusionment and defeat are the lot of all who strut their weary hour upon its stage. It is the street of heart break, of treachery. That's what the radio know-it-alls insist.

Look at Carter and Jessel, life-long friends till they struck radio, who started their kidding in fun and then, they say, got serious. Winchell and Bernie, Leo Reisman and temperamental Lee Wiley. Rudy Vallee and Reardon-off, Vallee and Osborne and Vallee and Langford. All good friends till radio tore them apart. It is radio that makes a man ready to shoot his own grandmother, if you are to believe the over-wagging tongues along radio row.

Yet, on my brief stay there I have found as many honest-to-goodness friendships as anywhere else. In every feud, I'd say there were at least five sincere, stable, some, self-sacrificing friendships. Stars who go out on their way to do a fellow performer a favor, to extend a helping hand to one who seems down and out. Some of these friendships have come about in unusual ways; some



FRANK PARKER

'CAST YOUR BREAD UPON THE WATERS—AND IT
COMES BACK ALL WET.' STILL, THESE PERSONS
VERY BRAVELY TOOK THAT CHANCE



JOE PENNER

Without his duck—no hat, no cigar! Wassa matter, gentlemen? But it's Joe Penner, all right. Just showing you what a good-looking feller he is when he wants to be.



RAY HEATHERTON

He looks just like the handsome high school senior you were crazy about. And Ray Heatherton says he got his baritone start just that way—crooning romance in high school days.

that began in misunderstanding and quarrels have ripened into warm friendships. Others have been cemented by some experience shared together.

If you only keep your eyes open, you can't help meeting honest-to-goodness pals along the ether lanes.

Perhaps you've never heard of the friendship between Milton Cross, the NBC announcer, and the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, father of church services in radio, and conductor of the Weekly Sunday Radio Pulpit? I came upon it quite accidentally. For five years, Cross was the announcer of Cadman's programs. The two men admired and respected each other. Both were busy; Cross with his "Children's Hour" broadcasts and his special classical music programs. All his time outside the studio was spent with his wife, Lillian, and their only child, little Lillian, aged eight.

Dr. Cadman had the huge congregation of the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn, he had his radio work, lecture work; he is actively interested in half a dozen philanthropic enterprises. More than enough to take up the waking hours of a seventy-year-old minister. Dr. Cadman and Milton Cross's contact ended with the program.

Last winter, little Lillian Cross became ill. Not a word of Milton Cross's private trouble was breathed in the studio; Cadman little suspected what a difficult

time it was for his announcer. Cross didn't like to bother anyone with his trouble. Cadman never dreamed that after each program Milton Cross rushed to the hospital to see Lillian; that the child had contracted blood poisoning and was steadily weakening. Milton Cross hid his anguish; not one of his fellow-announcers realized he had undergone seven blood transfusions in attempts to save his little daughter's life.

After these transfusions, when almost any man would have begged to be excused from his work, Milton Cross carried on. It wasn't until little Lillian died that Cadman learned of his great sorrow. Dr. Cadman has children of his own; he knew a father's feeling.

He dropped all his work, and immediately rushed out to Long Island, where the Crosses live, to comfort them. He begged to be permitted to do something to assuage their grief. There was nothing he could do; the little girl was dead.

But Dr. Cadman felt there *was* something he could do. He was with them constantly; it was he who officiated at the child's funeral; it was he who came to the house of mourning time and again, to console them. And every morning, for two months, the mailman delivered a letter to the Crosses. It was a letter filled with sympathy, with hope that breathed peace and resignation into their tired aching hearts. It came (Continued on page 94)



By ADELE
WHITELY
FLETCHER

at last! THE TRUTH ABOUT FAY and RUDY

HAS ANY WOMAN THE RIGHT TO CRUSH A MAN'S HONEST LOVE AND
BRING NOTORIETY AND DISGRACE INTO HIS HOME? ASK RUDY VALLEE

LET'S get at the truth of the Fay Webb-Rudy Vallee affair.

It's my opinion Rudy Vallee has been victimized. That he has been victimized by the girl to whom he gave his famous name—his enduring love, his complete trust, and to whom, even now that he is separated from her, he guarantees one hundred dollars a week for the rest of her life or until she remarries. And that he has been victimized by an existing false impression occasioned because the

newspapers in reporting the Webb-Vallee case have not always listed all of the developments in a clear, chronological order.

Had Rudy, through any sense of malice, through any desire for revenge, wished to make public the records of Fay Webb's telephone conversations with Garfield Leon he could have done so last April when he and Fay Webb separated. It seems logical to suppose that these records presented to any court would have entitled Rudy to bring



Above left) Mr. and Mrs. Rudy Vallee, right after their marriage, when all was well — or so Rudy thought. (Above, right) Rudy and Alice Faye, attractive blonde singer once with his orchestra.

absolved from paying any alimony whatsoever. He had the records at this time. They were, in fact, the definite reason for the break-up.

However, unwilling to face the very publicity these records have since brought him and still in love with his wife in spite of all she had done, Rudy proceeded at this time as if he possessed no such evidence and willingly entered into that separation agreement by which he guaranteed his wife one hundred dollars a week for the rest of her life or until she remarries.

It was Fay Webb herself, dissatisfied with fifty-two hundred dollars a year (a sum greater than that on which three-fourths of the hard working men in the United States support their families), and asking instead ninety thousand dollars a year, who caused the transcripts of her telephone conversations with Gary Leon to be made public. For in asking this tremendous sum she forced Rudy, in self-defense, to present the records and other evidence he held to the court. Whereupon, automatically, they became public property and available to the press.

In other words, Rudy Vallee would have been gallant and proud enough to have saved his wife the humiliation of having those telephone conversations of hers made public had she allowed him

SO far only a portion of those conversations have been reproduced. Only the least shameful, the least damning parts. Which is altogether as it should be. Newspapers go into decent American homes. Newspapers are read by boys and girls growing up by boys and girls who are forming day by day, their own ideals of adult behavior and of adult morality.

"But how in the world," everyone asks, "did Fay Webb dare ask for those injunctions against Rudy when she knew the evidence he held against her?"

It seems mad. I grant you that. However, the only measuring rod anyone has for the future is the past. And

during the years Fay Webb and Rudy were together she appears often to have used the most unbelievably high-handed methods without ever coming a cropper. Furthermore, until an incredibly short time ago, Rudy continued to love her very dearly. She might have known this and counted upon it.

Besides, to quote Rudy himself, "Mrs. Vallee has always been convinced that I place my career above everything else in the world. I feel confident she did not believe that I would risk the publication of those records under any circumstances."

"Understand me. I get a great kick out of being a celebrity. In spite of all the headaches that go with it. But if this publicity in the end means the finish of my career, I'll continue to be entirely satisfied that I have acted in the way I have, that I did not compromise for the sake of keeping what had happened quiet."

"I have pride as an individual as well as a celebrity. And I have a sense of justice."

I can understand so very well how Rudy feels. In the history of their friendship and marriage I can find nothing which, in my mind, entitles her even to the consideration of fifty-two hundred dollars a year of which she grows so disdainful. Had she been responsible for her husband's success in some degree then, undoubtedly, she would be entitled to some share of the reward. Had she given those years, when she might have been making a name for herself, to loving Rudy and caring for him, then again there might be some further recompense due her. Had she borne children it would also be another story.

BUT Rudy was famous long before Fay Webb married him. And during the year and seven months they were married they actually were together less than a year. For during this time she made six trips to California, remaining there for days or months. Upon one occasion she was back in New York with Rudy only two days when she suddenly decided her lungs were troubling her and that she must return west immediately.

Then Rudy had to go on tour with his band. Living in hotels and on trains, jumping from one town to another, isn't very pleasant. But it seems reasonable to suppose that a wife in love with her husband would nevertheless tour with him. Especially when he asked it.

For seven months Rudy was with the "George White Scandals." During that engagement Fay Webb saw him at the theatre four times. On three occasions

she came backstage to visit him with her party after seeing the show. Only once did she go to the theatre solely to be with him.

Three times she joined him when he was playing at the Pennsylvania Grill. And all three times it was to hurry him off to a Mayfair party. (Continued on page 86)



This is Rudy's latest picture, taken upon his return from Hollywood where he completed a new movie. It was after this trip that the fireworks began to fly.



By BLAND MULHOLLAND

SURELY you have heard of Leopold Stokowski. With a name like a sneeze and a personality like nitroglycerine, he is dynamite on anybody's radio show.

Just now, you know, he is Mr. Chesterfield Cigarette's radio show. And a good one, you must admit if you like your orchestra symphonic.

But the man whose voice you hear crackling through your loudspeaker, the voice with the accent and the slight hint of arrogance, what of him? What manner of mortal is he? There have been stories and rumors, you know. Some of them are. . . .

Well, they say he is a devil when in anger. I've seen him throw a man bodily out of the studio.

They say he is a heartless driver of his musicians. That he doesn't even speak to them when he meets them on the street. When he goes on tour with them, he lives apart and will have nothing to do with them. Yet, I happen to know this for a fact. One of his musicians was laid up for six months. Six months in a richly-appointed hospital bed. This man whose savings were quickly spent continued to stay in that hospital with a private nurse and expert physicians attending him until he was well. The man who paid for all that was Leopold Stokowsky.

I might, too, tell you that Stokowsky is a musician who avidly courts publicity; there is no other reason why he should continually break through the newspaper columns with a new idea, opinion or belief. And, in saying this, I am instantly contradicted by the fact that for years

A man of rages, moods and unexpected tenderness. He does the bizarre, some say, to attract attention. Is he pretending? Or is he a genius?

Stokowsky has featured on his program magnificent orchestral arrangements of the organ-music of Bach. For years, critics have troubled Stokowsky as to who this remarkable arranger was—and for years Stokowsky refused to disclose his identity. Recently, it leaked out that Stokowsky himself was the arranger — and, when this item leaked out, Stokowsky

confessed that he refused to acknowledge his work because "it is Bach that is important, and only Bach. Why should I deflect the enthusiasm of music audiences away from the beautiful music of Bach and towards me?"

IN these strange contradictions and paradoxes—a few of the many which constitute the man—can you catch a glimpse of the true personality of Leopold Stokowsky.

Let me give you a few words about his life. He was born, not (as so many believe) in Poland, but in London, England; the year was 1882. In his youth he came to America, and after completing his musical studies, was offered a post as an organist at St. Bartholomew's Church in New York. Here, Stokowsky distinguished himself as an excellent organist because of his remarkable musicianship and instinctive good taste. His reputation as organist grew until it attracted the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra which was searching for a conductor. Stokowsky was offered the position; that was in 1909. It was to be expected that his first years as conductor should have passed without adding con- (Continued on page 90)

DO WE WANT LIQUOR

NO!

"The radio should keep entirely clear of liquor," says Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, noted radio clergyman

By NANETTE
KUTNER



DR. S. PARKES CADMAN

Wide World

THE radio should keep entirely clear of liquor! It should imitate London's "Punch" which refuses all hard liquor advertisements.

"I am certain that nobody but fools and interested parties want more liquor trade! The public is sacrificed on the altar of big business. That's the chief trouble with America today; it can be summed up in one phrase—too many selfish business interests!"

"When I see the so-called inheritors of the new independence, I am thoroughly disgusted! You've got to draw the line somewhere, and as long as we have to deal with human nature we can't be too careful!"

"We are not through with experiment. Going over to the wets has settled nothing unless the American nation can show more self control! Any habit or cause carried

to extremes is both harmful and bad. If the wets go too far, such as approving this liquor advertising question, you'll see them go out!"

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman slammed his left hand on the broad oak table. His jovial countenance took on a certain firm grimace. For a moment he was silent. Then he excused himself in order to talk to those who were waiting.

I sat back in a hard wooden chair, and I watched, as he inclined his white head, nodding sympathetically while the first man related his troubles. He was a thin man, this first one, and he coughed.

It must be an old story to Dr. Cadman. Every day he sits there in that library with its dull globes and its green carpet and its bleak clerical atmosphere, and every day they come to him, people (Continued on page 92)

ADVERTISING ON THE AIR?



GEN. SMEDLEY D. BUTLER



"There's no reason why air advertising of liquors should be banished," says Gen. Smedley Butler

By NANETTE
K U T N E R

Wide World

AMERICA should stop choking on gnats and swallow a few elephants! There's been altogether too much fuss about the prohibition question. I'm not even interested, except for the fact that I despise hypocrisy in any form! If the law allows us to sell liquor, we should be able to say it!

"There's no reason why air advertising of hard liquor should be banned. If it will help trade and raise more revenue, as it undoubtedly will—then I say—*go the whole hog!* Increased sales mean additional jobs for the unemployed veterans, and that's what interests me!"

Saying this, Major General Smedley Butler jammed on the brakes and stopped his car in the center of one of those narrow Philadelphia streets. He shook his arms as he lifted them from the wheel. The muscles of his

weather-beaten face worked convulsively, and a piercing blue light shot through his close-set eyes, while his hoarse voice discharged the explosive words of a dreamer who actively believes in a cause, and of a fighter who champions it.

"I love soldiers. I know them. They're honest. I've always lived among them. When I had typhoid in China a fireman was my nurse. He was the tenderest nurse a man ever had.

"While soldiers waited outside, my daughter was born in a hut in the Philippines. She cried for twenty-four hours until a roughneck sergeant tip-toed into the room and held her in his arms.

"I'm a soldier. I've been wounded twice. I wear a steel corset. I have nineteen medals, that's seven more than Pershing's got. (Continued on page 92)



Al Jolson . . . achieved international fame when talking pictures came into vogue. Then when the Kraft Phoenix Corporation wanted to put on a radio program with an all-star cast, Al went on the air with Paul Whiteman and Deems Taylor over NBC. Before either of these two fields were opened, Al was famous on the stage. Now he has practically deserted the stage. He says "never again" when talking pictures are mentioned. But radio Al loves it, and in it has found a new outlet for his distinctive style of singing and talking.

It is interesting to watch him rehearse. He'll pick up Paul Whiteman's baton and show the musicians just what he wants in accompaniment. Right in the middle of a number he'll yell "Stop!" and deliver a lecture on why the second saxophone should run up the scale instead of down it, or why the first trumpet should trill a note rather than play it straight.

But most of it is all in fun. You have probably noticed his kidding ways with Deems Taylor and Whiteman on the broadcast.

Al is good because his heart is in his work.





Hert Lawson

Elizabeth Love . . . is a Confederate spy. But don't misjudge her. She's a spy only when she plays the rôle of Betty Graham in the "Roses and Drums" skit on the Columbia Broadcasting System Sunday evenings. Elizabeth is really a Southerner, and that was the chief reason she got the dramatic rôle. When she came to New York from her home in Lakeland, Florida, she thought her Southern accent would hold her back. But while she was studying to overcome it, Brock Pemberton hired her for a rôle in "Strictly Dishonorable," because of it. Two

years ago when "Roses and Drums" wanted a girl with a Southern accent plus acting ability, she fit the picture so well that she got the job.

Right now, Elizabeth is playing with Dorothy Gish in "By Your Leave," a Broadway production. Although her scene takes only about ten minutes, critics say she steals the show.

Elizabeth was born in Lakeland, Oct. 9, 1909, where her father is a physician. She attended public schools in Florida and college in Virginia where she had a lot of dramatic training. She's small, blonde, and single.



Ray Lee Jackson

Eddie Peabody . . . has finally moved into Radio City. Eddie has been a vaudeville headliner for years, and has played his banjo in every theatre that amounts to two whoops from coast to coast. Not satisfied with that, he packed his shirts and hankies and shipped for Europe to show the people over there just how a banjo should be played.

Rudy Vallee, who is always snooping around for new radio talent, pushed Eddie before a microphone on the Fleischmann hour when he returned to this country. And

NBC must have liked it, for Eddie was given his own show over a Pacific Coast network. It was called "Happiness Show," and ran for nine months. Eddie wrote his own continuity, assembled the cast, acted as master of ceremonies and sang and played his many musical sound makers.

This program was so successful that there was nothing for NBC to do but buy him a ticket to New York City. Eddie came to town loaded down with baggage. In a dozen cases were a dozen musical instruments including such things as a 16-string harp-guitar which he devised.



RAY TEE LAKE

Lowell Thomas . . . broadcasts news from all stations of life from the quiet, luxurious comfort of a drawing room studio that would do credit to a millionaire's mansion. Each evening at 6:45 o'clock EST he sits in an upholstered chair before a big oak desk in a special speakers' studio in Radio City.

It is a beautiful room, with walls of dark wood paneling, a marble fireplace at one end and richly appointed furniture. On the floor is an oriental rug which seems to sink inches with every footstep. Rich colored lamps

throw a soft glow over the sheet of papers he has on his desk. Two microphones on a single base stand on the desk like an ornament before a background of books.

The usual studio picture is missing. Instead of a plain glass window giving into the control room there is a beautiful old English window of small panes, drawn on either side with heavy imported tapestries. From the ceilings hang a pair of lustre with a superb 'chandelier'.

Awfully nice, you say? Yes, and Lowell Thomas deserves it. For he is an old-timer at the game, since the days of "blatant" wall studies.

HAVE you ever come up against a problem, looked it straight in the eye, and seen two ways to settle it? One way—the way all your friends and relatives urged—the way of common sense. And the other way, the way all your merry instincts urged you.

If you believe that the common sense thing to do is always the right thing to do, don't read this story. For here is a yarn of the haywire, the ga-ga, and the hair-brained manner of doing things. A yarn of Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, those Camel comedians whose Happy Hooliganisms have brought them from the obscurity of small time announcers to the top of the humorist heap.

Many a man has asked me what they are like. Really like, I mean, beneath the veneer of urbanity they have acquired. Here is the answer in a few words: they are completely unlike any other pair of mortals you ever met on this here God's little footstool.

For instance: if ever you see two gentlemen dressed in the man-about-town manner passing a stranger and if you see one of the two suddenly leave his friend and fall in behind a total stranger and walk closely behind him in the prison lock-step method (all of which, by the way, the stranger doesn't know) then you are seeing Colonel Stoopnagle—or Budd—changing his luck or something.

If ever you have occasion to call him on the telephone and you hear a bass voice intoning, "This is Gimbel's basement," that's Colonel Stoopnagle—or Budd—depending on who got to the phone first.

Never in their lives have they, like any normal human,

said, "Hello." No sir, they've got to say, "Gimbel's basement," or "The Quince School for Girls," or "Salvation Army Home." It's a quirk in their brain, I guess.

Once, they pulled the "Gimbel's basement" gag to their regret. It was in Philadelphia, the home of the oldest of the Gimbel department stores. They answered their phone with the usual line and a voice asked their pardon and hung up. Presently, their phone rang again. The Colonel said, "Gimbel's basement." Once more, but not so softly this time, the voice apologized and hung up. The phone rang the third time.

"Gimbel's basement."

"Excuse me," said the voice, "I happen to know I am not talking to Gimbel's basement. I am Bernard Gimbel and I own Gimbel's basement. Will you tell me what's the big idea?"

The next fifteen minutes, during which Colonel Stoopnagle tried to tell the potent and indignant Mr. Gimbel that it was all in good clean fun, remain a scorching spot in the Stoopnagle memory.

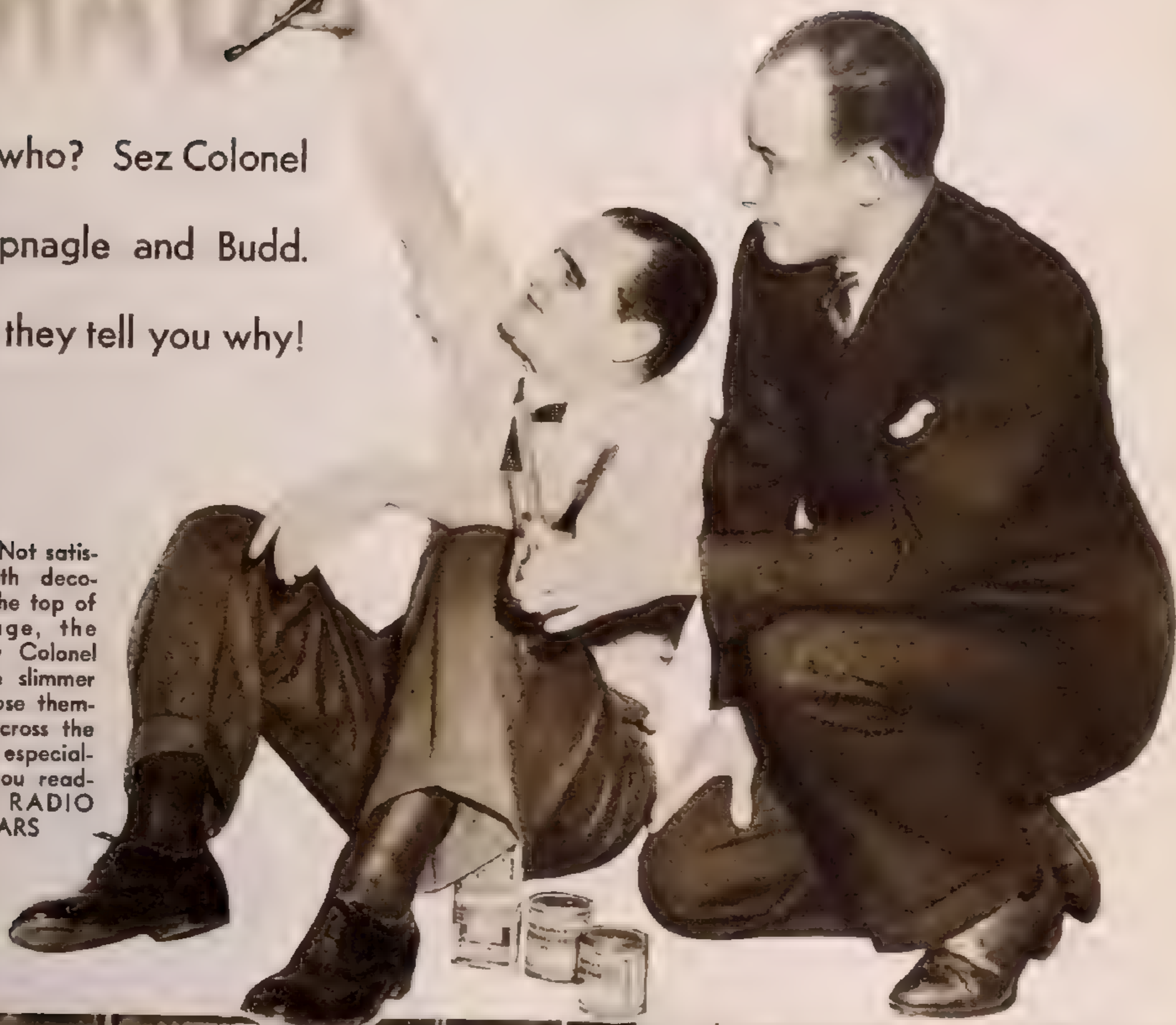
They have another game that entitles them to the top roost in anybody's boobyery. It is called "Stepping on the Foot." They take their post in front of a busy and bright movie palace. Crowds are streaming by, filing into the showhouse, not even seeing these Katzenjammer twins under the marquee. Suddenly, Budd lashes out at the Colonel's foot, slapping his own down on top of it. The Colonel bellows like a wounded father cow and hops along the sidewalk, nursing the lame foot in both hands. Budd comes alongside, heckling him. The Colonel swings and knocks off Budd's hat. (Continued on page 71)



RADIO STARS

Sez who? Sez Colonel
Stoopnagle and Budd.
And they tell you why!

(Below) Not satisfied with decorating the top of the page, the chubby Colonel and the slimmer Budd pose themselves across the bottom especially for you readers of RADIO STARS



RADIO STARS

ONE fine morning about a dozen years ago Everett Mitchell looked up from his desk in a loop bank to see a lovely girl crossing the lobby. "Look, look," he gasped, jabbing the chap next to him. "See that girl?"

"What about her?"

"That's the girl I'm going to marry," said Everett, convinced of the fact himself and trying to sound convincing.

"Who is she?"

"I don't know," Everett admitted. "I never saw her before."

"You're crazy," his sidekick volunteered.

But Everett meant what he said. He married the girl and they lived happily ever after.

This, ladies and gentlemen, is the same Mitchell you've heard these many months on the "Farm and Home" program and other NBC shows emanating from Chicago.

But that's not the end of this tale. Married though he is, girls, Everett Mitchell's story will appeal to you as well as to the rest of the family. The romantic incident is recorded here because it shows so neatly the kind of a chap this good looking NBC announcer-singer-commentator is. He is one of those persons who seems to know intuitively what he wants.

He's the guy, you know, who gets in hot water periodically because he insists upon talking like a human being. Because he puts a smile in his voice. A year or so ago the networks decided that their announcers should speak from script and never ad lib. Their speeches were written out and handed to them. Everett Mitchell never liked that way of doing things. He liked to talk to his radio public as if they were neighbors—insisted on it in fact. More than once his name has been discussed by radio big-wigs and his future held in the balance. More than once his personal popularity has outweighed the hazards of his breezy style. It is significant, I think, that his adherence to his own brand of patter has brought him probably the most loyal personal following of any announcer in radio.

WHATEVER environment may do to most of us, it didn't mould Everett Mitchell's life too much. Born in prosaic Austin, a Chicago suburb, Everett might have become a

lawyer, a banker, or insurance broker. Fate so played her cards, incidentally, that had you known him at various times during his early twenties you might have thrust him into any one of these categories.

But the heritage of Mayflower ancestors, the blood of pioneers and Penobscots refused to let Everett settle into the conventional groove that is the lot of the average Austinite. He had too much of Isaac Walton plus a dash of John Keats in him to be satisfied with successful suburbanizing. The lure of nature, the love

"See that girl?" sez Everett Mitchell. Sez his pal, "What about her?" "That's the girl I'm going to marry," pops back Everett—and he did.



EVERETT MITCHELL

HIS SMILE REACHES FROM COAST TO COAST

By G. ANDERSON CHANIN

RADIO STARS

of beauty—in living things, color, form and music—force him periodically to shake off the shackles of metropolitan life and return to the forest, field and stream of his forefathers.

Now don't get the idea that Everett is what the society columns refer to as a sportsman. He is a busy man and doesn't have much leisure, but when he can break away from the microphone for twenty-four hours he is likely to be touring, hunting or fishing. He is daft over amateur movie making. Winter nights he reels off reels and reels of his reeling adventures. And he dials far into frosty nights with an all-wave receiver that takes him swiftly from Rio to Tahiti.

As far back as he can remember Everett wanted to be a singer. He traces that desire back to his great-great-grandmother who was a Penobscot Indian. (Everett is 1/16 redskin and very proud of the fact.) In studying the annals of the tribe in Maine he has found that his progenitors were intensely musical, and that they were especially fond of the hymn type of music. (If one may rely on the history books, his musical leanings could certainly never be traceable to his Puritan ancestry, if he's giving ancestors credit.)

When he was running packages for Schultz's grocery in Austin, Ole, the driver, gave him his first encouragement in singing. The teachers wouldn't let him sing in school, though—his booming baritone drowned out the piping of the boy sopranos. But he finally got into the neighborhood choir. Then the great Billy Sunday heard the boy baritone and took him on his soul saving expeditions for several seasons.

FRRIENDS began taking an interest and hauled him around to have Tito Ruffo make an appraisal of his voice. Ruffo sized up the slim, gawky looking chap and began playing something in an upper register.

"I'm sorry," said Ev, "but I can't sing that."

Smiling indulgently the great baritone shifted his hand—and gave a sudden start when he heard the bulky voice.

"Better quit singing until you're 21," Ruffo cautioned. "Build up your body first."

(Continued on page 89)

Just imagine! They
tried to keep Everett
Mitchell from talk-
ing and acting like
a human being.
But he said "NO!"



RADIO STARS' AWARD

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

I THINK you should know of the example set by Edsel Ford when he opened the new series of Fred Waring programs in behalf of the Ford Dealers of America. He had come all the way from Detroit to make an introductory address. He was allotted seven minutes. Edsel Ford took the seven minute speech he was expected to deliver and began to whittle. When the Ford show went riding across the kilocycles, he used just ninety seconds for his message. And he promised, "This entertainment will not be marred by the intrusion of advertising matter."

Because this policy provides a well-nigh faultless frame for the skilful performance of Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians, and because Fred Waring has given us a type of musical beauty that is his own unique and distinctive creation, we extend the May RADIO STARS' Award for Distinguished Service to Fred Waring and the Ford Dealers of America.

Curtis Mitchell

Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians make such good music that they have two RADIO STARS medals in their collection of honors. Their program for Ford dealers, voted the best musical program on the air in a recent poll of radio editors from coast-to-coast, is broadcast each Sunday at 8:30 p.m. and Thursday at 9:30 p.m. EST over the Columbia Broadcasting System. Standing next to Fred (the guy with the baton) are Rosemary Lane, Babs Ryan and Priscilla Lane. Crooking Poley McClintock is at the drums.



BEHIND THE SCENES OF

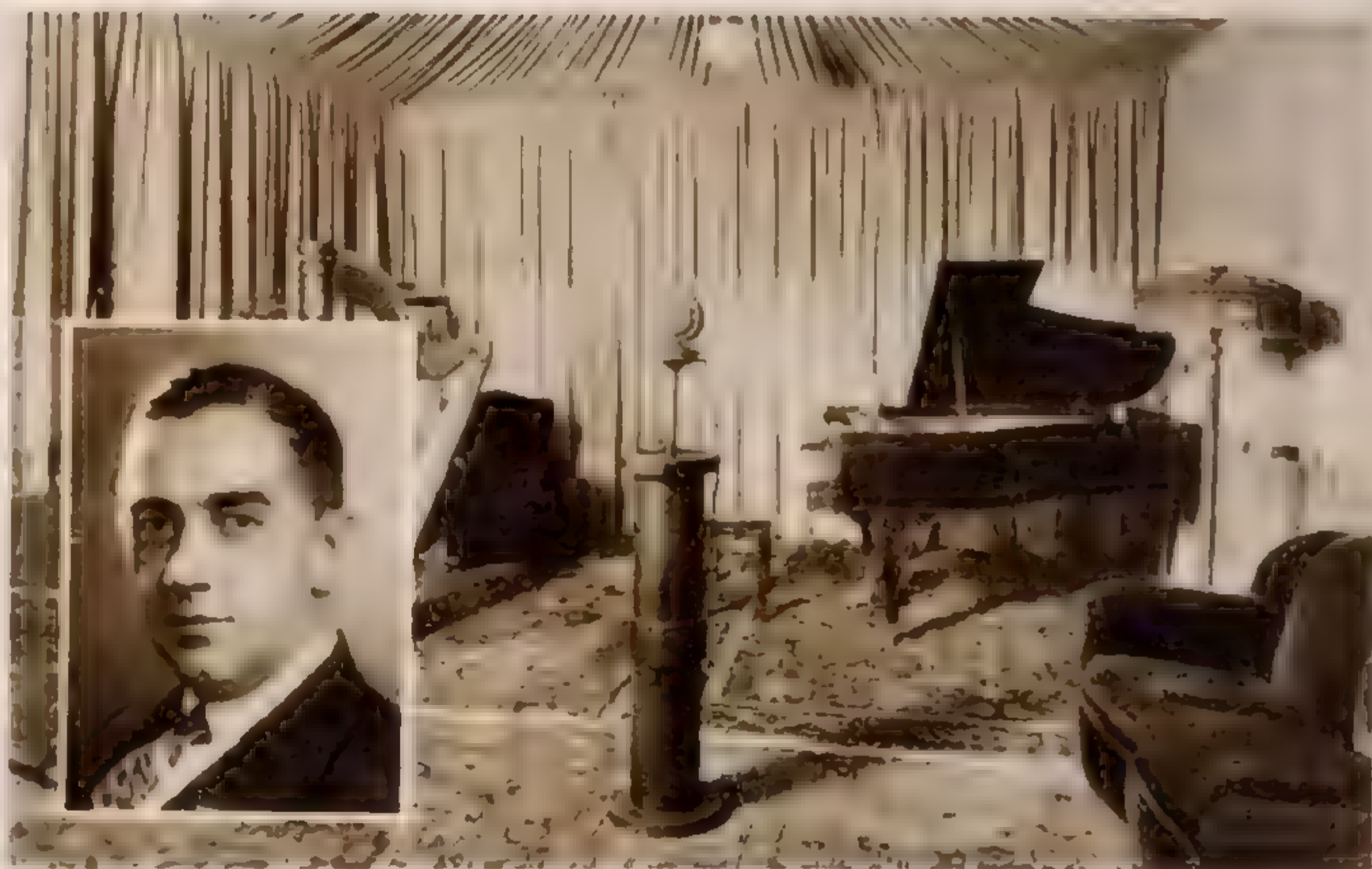
THE DRAMATIC STORY OF WOR

By CECIL B. STURGES



(Above) When the Bremen flyers made the first east to west flight over the Atlantic, from Germany to American soil, WOR was the first to put them on the air.

(Right) WOR's first studio. Quaint old mike, don't you think? Note the drapes and rugs to prevent echoes. (Inset) Alfred J. McCosker, manager of WOR.



IT IS thirty-five minutes past eleven the night of March 1st, 1932. WOR's transmitters are wailing out a story of stark tragedy. Thousands of eastern listeners are stunned.

The Lindbergh baby has been kidnaped and the great Newark, New Jersey, station is scooping press and radio competitors with the news.

Once more WOR is dramatically proving to listeners the enterprise and daring which has made it one of the four major stations of the thickly settled New York area. It is showing that it is as resourceful and quick to act as WAPC, WJZ and WEAF, backed though they are by powerful network organizations.

WOR has displayed such ingenuity and swiftness to

action time after time during the twelve fascinating years of her life. None the less, too many of us, accustomed to such service, regard it simply as broadcast routine. We don't know the courage and intelligence necessary to its accomplishment.

Men of action have made WOR's history full of adventure. That is why you'll best be able to grasp the vital importance of this independent station to its millions of listeners by living with them some of their stirring hours.

Few people attached much importance to the little studio Louis Bamberger opened in his department store in Newark, New Jersey, on September 22, 1922. Those who did, graciously acknowledged the fascination of the

WOR was the first to announce the Lindbergh kidnapping, to get Gandhi.

AMERICA'S GREAT STATIONS



With this story about Station WOR in Newark, New Jersey, RADIO STARS magazine begins a series of stories about some of America's great stations. Such stations as WOR, WLW, WLS, and many others have developed their own particular stars with loyal and robust followings. Have you some favorites who are heard in your section but never on a network? For the first time in any magazine, you will be able to read about them in future issues of RADIO STARS.

Al Smith (upper left) stood before a WOR microphone in 1932 to tell the world New York favored Roosevelt and Garner. (Above) Mme. Sarojini Maidu of Bombay, leader of the Indian self-rule movement, who attacked Katherine Mayo's book, "Mother India," as a libel of a great country, over WOR in 1928.

all his faith he could hardly be expected to foresee such thrilling times as those when WOR aided in saving the airship Shenandoah from destruction; the pioneering in transoceanic broadcasts; the introduction to the microphone for the first time of so many celebrities and the creation of a great army of loyal listeners.

It was as hard as fishing nickels from gratings to get Broadway stars to cross the Hudson river to entertain before the silly disc. Besides, they were used to being paid.

It was all rather discouraging. But Bamberger couldn't let the disparagers crow. He determined to help make the world broadcast conscious.

Not only did he help, he startled them into it. In that first year of existence, Sir Thomas Lipton spoke into a WOR microphone. His words went winging across the Atlantic to the loudspeakers in Selfridge's department store in London. A modern miracle, that was.

Such feats, however, were not enough to build his station to greatness. Listeners were increasing in number and in insistence on better programs. They had to get good talent. To overcome the objection of artists to going to New Jersey, they opened a New York studio.

This new studio in the Chickering building was better than the old cloth hung one in Newark, but it was still far from perfect. Celebrities were still suspicious of this new medium. But by this time thousands of enthusiasts were wiring gadgets together that they, too, might listen. Something had to be done. (Continued on page 38)

new toy, but were disparaging as to its value and use. You could hardly blame them. Not a few astute people, many of them showmen, are still staggering under the shock of broadcasting's amazing growth. It was the second station licensed in the New York metropolitan area. The studios were noisy in those days. Microphones turned silver voiced singers into tin tenors and the few scattered receiving sets which could get them were compared masses of inefficiency. They were operating on a power of but 250 watts.

IN SPITE such drawbacks, Louis Bamberger had hope. He knew the wisecracks were not so wise and was certain that broadcasting had a great future. But with

go on the air, and to have a King take part in its hunt for talent

BEHIND THE SCENES OF

WOR

A FINISHING SCHOOL FOR STARS

Tito Guizar (extreme right) was a WOR artist—with Chago Rodriguez and Juarez Garcia. Tito now sings over CBS.



Al Jolson mammied into a mike the first time when WOR was a CBS station.

The jovial entertainer and disciplinarian of his radio nieces and nephews, Uncle Don Carney.



Leonard Cox, a participant in the battle which threw "Main Street Sketches" off the air.

CAN you hear WOR?

Then tune in now, tonight, tomorrow night, some night next week. In the 710 kilocycle space on your dial. Listen to two or three of its best programs. Assume a manner of great wisdom and say to your friends, "I rather think this singer or that orchestra will be a great network feature some day." The chances are that you'd be right.

If you really are concerned about what you'll be tuning in next year, you should learn something of this station's artists and programs.

WOR has proved its astuteness in developing radio personalities many times in the past. Paul Whiteman, Al Jolson, Rudy Vallee, Ferde Grofe, Ralph Kirberry, Pick and Pat Padgett, H. V. Kaltenborn, Phil Cook, Roy Smeek—all found such favor with the New York station's great

audience. They were snatched up by the networks that their talents might captivate the listeners of the whole nation.

Of course you must be careful not to pick programs which WOR has not the slightest intention of letting out of its hands. They're no fools, the people who run that station. They know that their reputation as one of the nation's greatest independent stations has been built on such programs and artists.

THERE'S Uncle Don, for a grand example. Of course you, personally, might not care particularly to listen to children's programs. But if you have any children you should move into WOR's listening area.

Probably no person has been more responsible than Uncle Don Carney, the jolly (Continued on page 100)



Veronica Wiggins, the beloved contralto of "Moonbeams" and "Choir Invisible," WOR's soul soothing shows.

AMERICA'S GREAT STATIONS



WOR

YOUR ANNOUNC- ER IS—

Lee Cronican (at the piano) came to WOR as accompanist and turned announcer. (Standing) Floyd Neale and Gordon R. Kerr.



Ed. J. Powell who was in that radio minded Yale class with Ray Knight and John Young.



Joe R. Bolton, another handsome WOR announcer who is another great success.



Six feet five inches of height and a voice just as impressive, has Basil Ruysdael



He comes from Altoona, Pa., does Arthur Hale. He, too, began his career as a pianist. Studied in Paris.



Lewis Reid showed so much skill in handling programs that he was made Program Director of WOR.

HERE'S just about as smooth voiced a bunch of announcers as you'd find in any of the great network studios. Many an announcer, in fact, has been lured from WOR to the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System. Basil Ruysdael has often been heard as narrator on big network programs.

But the supply certainly doesn't seem to run out. WOR knows where to find new ones if it needs them. Besides, most of them stay at WOR because they like it.

Don't think for a minute we're neglecting Edna B. Gambling, Joseph Bier, Milton Kaye, Bob Hall, Roger Tower or Harry Mack.

And we know many an unhappy person who's been made strong and able to laugh because of Gambling's humorous calisthenics.

How true are those rumors you've been hearing about Kate Smith? Has she completely deserted radio?

71/ WHAT'S happened to Kate Smith? Has she lost her voice? Has she been threatened with blindness? Are these the reasons she has stopped broadcasting?

Let me hasten to tell you that this isn't the kind of story in which a lot of ridiculous rumors are set up just so they can be torn down by an overzealous writer. For there's truly some basis for those rumors! But I want you to know the whole truth—not just a deceptive part of the truth—and since it's been my privilege to spend the last six months with Kate, I'm going to give you the amazing lowdown.

The last six months have taught me many things, but most of all it taught me about Kate Smith. For one thing, I learned that in a way she is really a child, a lonely child who responds eagerly to affection and admiration, a child never entirely sure of herself. Not yet twenty-five, she has renounced two-thirds of the life which most of us lead. We have our business life (for many women, the care of the home), our social life, and our personal or love life.

Kate Smith has only one life—business. Career. Singing. She hasn't time for a social life, unless you call those occasional parties, which she is too weary to enjoy, a social life! And as for love—Kate once said, "I'm not the type." That in my opinion is true of no woman. Every woman is the type for love. Kate does not fulfill the conventional romantic requisites—but she is a wholesome, warm-hearted and loyal person. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and the person who loves Kate Smith—and I know that she is loved—would find her "the type" for him. What Kate should say is, "My life prohibits love. You cannot serve two masters. I feel too intensely about this career of mine to give time, thought or emotion to anything else. If there is to be love in my life, it must wait!"

The Kate Smith I learned to know is a child to whom singing is *everything*. I'll never forget one dramatic moment in the theatre in Omaha, a moment that it rendered thrilling and beautiful.

When she was sitting in her dressing room that evening in Omaha, she realized that her voice was so hoarse she could barely speak. She was tortured by a chronic cold and sinus disorder which eight specialists had been unable to cure!

Three private cars had brought the Swanee Revue from the East. Ted Collins, Kate's manager, had scenery designed, engaged a large cast, organized an orchestra. Bill Young,

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO KATE SMITH?

By HILDA COLE



Wide World
Chief Black Wolf (left) makes Kate and her manager, Ted Collins (right) members of the Winnegabo tribe of the Sioux.

RADIO STARS

Kate does have plans—very definite ones. Here an intimate revelation gives you the truth about her

former radio production man and sound technician, had been hired as stage manager. Jack Miller, for two years Kate's piano accompanist, and radio singer in his own right, had been hired to conduct the orchestra. There were tap dancers in the fifty-two minute act, a brilliant impersonator, a western rope twirler, a car-full of New York's finest orchestral musicians

ALL these were depending on Kate Smith. More than that, Kate's whole professional life depended on her being able to sing that night. A circus trapeze artist falls *once*—and his career may be over. A singer does a bad job once—and the heartless rumors spread like lightning across a gossip-mad country.

In the show, Kate was not only to sing but to act as Mistress of Ceremonies. She sat there that night just before the first big evening show, facing herself in her dressing table mirror. She called the ever sympathetic Ted Collins to her.

"Ted," she said, trying desperately to hide the pain which it cost her just to talk, "Ted, I'd better save my voice, what there is of it . . ." she laughed a little hysterically, " . . . for the song numbers."

So her M. C. duties were cut out.

"Better cut your song numbers down, too," said the considerate Irish manager.

"Okay, Ted," Kate said. He went out.

"Okay, Ted!" Kate stared at herself in the mirror, saw her eyes behind her thick-lensed spectacles brimming with tears. "You look pretty foolish," she told herself. But the tears mocked her bravery.

"Okay, Ted!" The history of her success in two words. And now would she fail the man who had had so much faith in her?

I think that at that moment Kate Smith's mind must have hurried over the past. To the time several years before when she sat in Ted Collins' office—he was vice-president of the Columbia Phonograph Company for whom she'd made records. She had said, "Okay, Ted," after he convinced her that if she'd have faith in him and follow his instructions he'd make her the biggest star in radio.

He left his big job to become her manager and, because of his faith in her, had really made her a big shot among big shots.

Five hundred La Palina programs. That's a record. Vaudeville engagements, besides Engagements at the Central Park Casino. Tours around the (Continued on page 97)

Photos by Colver

(Left) Kate with Jack Miller, her accompanist. (Above) The "Songbird of the South"—Miss Kate Smith.



Photos by McEllison



Vera Van

AGE: Nineteen.

HEIGHT: Five feet two.

WEIGHT: 110 pounds.

BIRTHPLACE: Marion, Ohio.

HAIR: Golden blonde.

EYES: Blue.

FAVORITE SPORT: Mountain camping.

FAVORITE FOOD: Baked ham and sweet potatoes.



HAVE you ever been stumped for an argument when your brother movie fans came home raving about the curves of Mae West, the glamour of Garbo or Katharine Hepburn's refreshing face? Don't ever let it happen again. Tell them about radio's Vera Van, the pretty, young singer with the golden blonde hair and the kindly smile. Show them the pictures on this page. Make them listen to her lovely voice over the CBS network. And if they don't have a sinking spell they just aren't normal. And if they aren't normal,—well—you'll have just that much less competition.

Everyone along Tin Pan Alley, Radio Row and any other street that has anything to do with broadcasting, agrees that Vera brought something besides a good voice

to the microphone when she went on the air. Undoubtedly, she is one of the prettiest girls in the business. And what a pleasing personality. The kind that wallops you right under the heart the moment she walks into a room. And a smile that has won her more friends in the last year than most folks could make in a life time.

When Vera started singing, she went to KFI in Los Angeles, praying that maybe she could get a job there. They listened to her and within an hour had signed her on the dotted line. Later she sang for KMTR and KHJ. Then came the California Melodies program. And now—New York and the Columbia Broadcasting System.

If you're still interested, here are some sidelights. She likes horseback riding. Spends a lot of time canoeing and hiking. Collects silver coins, toy dogs and curious vases



Ted Fiorito

AGE: Thirty-three.

HEIGHT: Five feet six.

WEIGHT: 160 pounds.

BIRTHPLACE: Newark, New Jersey.

HAIR: Black.

EYES: Dark brown.

FAVORITE SPORT: Swimming.

FAVORITE FOOD: Ravioli.



71/1 HOEVEVER said that radio didn't have handsome and eligible young men ought to be hiding their faces in the kitchen sink by now. For the RADIO STARS search goes on. And with such result!

Take, for instance, Ted Fiorito.

The very name spells romance. Being Latin, he is, of course, romantic by nature. And it just happens that he is also romantic looking, with dark eyes and hair typical of his ancestors.

Right now, Ted sings from the land of eternal sunshine. That's California, you know, where movie stars have a weakness for platinum blonds, polo, and the kind of music he makes. That's where those swell Old Gold programs on CBS come from on Wednesday nights.

Ted was born in Newark, New Jersey. When the radio bug bit him, he went to Chicago where he made his air debut from the famous Pilewater Beach Hotel in 1919. WIBO was the station. Here is a story about as strange as any in this business of broadcasting. Ted went on the air without an agent, without a contract, selected his own time, picked his own numbers, dictated the length of his programs and how they were to be presented and took orders from no one. Unusual? It was unheard of! But here's the trick. He said he thought it might be nice, after a while, to make his radio law from his own station. So he bought one.

Ted's earliest dreams were to write songs. He has. Among the thirty-three published are, "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," "No, No, Nora," and "King for a Day."

RADIO STARS

YOU want a date with a girl who is different. You're tired of these gurgley "Oh, yes" girls. Well, Muriel Wilson can put enough bounce and excitement into your soul to last a lifetime.

For one thing she's utterly unpredictable. One surprise after another. Even her best friends don't know what the next answer will be. And the Irish themselves envy her wit.

You don't have to worry about suggesting what to do on dates with her. Do the first thing that pops into your mind. Go riding or sailing. Or suggest a game of golf or a swim—you have a perfect companion in whatever you want to do. Even go fishing with her if it suits your mood.

And on top of all this she loves to cook—and she knows how!

Young folk and old folk were crazy about her romantic radio life with Lanny Ross aboard the Maxwell House "Show Boat." The oldsters say she cheers them up and recalls their own romances. And the youngsters! My dear, you've no idea of the questions their letters asked about Lanny. And they got answers, too—every one.

It is awfully hard (but possible) to get a date for no one ever knows where to find her. She dashes in and out of the studios with friends and they tear off in her car. They get back just in time not to disappoint her fans and the numerous new friends made on "Gems of Melody," "Waltz Time" and "Songs My Mother Used to Sing."



Muriel Wilson

AGE: Twenty-six.

HEIGHT: Five feet three.

WEIGHT: 117 pounds.

BIRTHPLACE: New York City.



HAIR: Black.

EYES: Gray.

FAVORITE SPORT: Motoring.

FAVORITE FOOD: Minute steak.



RADIO STARS

LADIES! Gather around. We're presenting six feet and two inches of temperament. An attractive young man with dark eyes, brown hair brushed in a smooth pompadour, and an artist at the piano. Introducing Mr. Mario Braggiotti of Columbia's famed piano team of Fray and Braggiotti.

He's educated, if you're interested. Went to school in Boston, Florence and Paris and has a roll of sheepskins tucked away in his trunk and a lot of interesting conversation tucked away in his mind.

He's from a musical family. His father was a singing teacher and insisted that little Mario run the scales religiously. If you like music, and you'd never admit that you didn't, you'll find Mario the perfect companion.

Mario Braggiotti

AGE: Thirty-two.

HEIGHT: Six feet two.

WEIGHT: 175 pounds.

BIRTHPLACE: Boston.

HAIR: Dark brown.

EYES: Dark brown.

FAVORITE SPORT: Skiing.

FAVORITE FOOD: Spaghetti.



He's traveled everywhere. Spend an evening with him and he'll tell you about the concerts he and Jacques Fray played throughout Europe, of his tour with Fred and Adele Astaire in the Gershwin show "Tip Toes," and about the two times that he joined Maurice Chevalier in a concert tour of the United States. Mario and Jacques even introduced jazz in the Sorbonne in Paris.

He's good looking. After his guest appearance on the "Old Gold" program, someone in the audience was heard to say, "Braggiotti has the best stage appearance of any man I've ever seen. Handsome and graceful. And manly."

And—he's eligible. Very much so. So is his playing partner, Fray, too, for that matter.



RADIO STARS

Padding about WITH OUR CANDID CAMERA



(Above) Opening night of CBS Radio Play House—all the stars turned out—Nino Martini sang into that mike for all he was worth—and that's plenty! (Below) The world's best paid rhythm tooters—Guy, Carmen, Lebert and Victor Lombardo—band fame certainly seems to run in that Lombardo family.



(Above) The little air hostess is pleased to see this famous passenger, Lawrence Tibbett, who is rushing to grand opera via plane. (Below) Old friends, and to you—old favorites, Will Rogers and Marie Dressler, who have their own special niches in Hollywood's Hall of Fame and in the hearts of admirers.



If they won't pose, we catch them anyway. And won't they be surprised to see themselves as you see 'em?



(Above) Even Alexander Woolcott sometimes scratches his head. (Below) Who's getting that medal anyway? You could never choose the winner by his smile. (Left) Deems Taylor. (Right) Curtis Mitchell, editor of RADIO STARS, who presented Paul Whiteman the medal for Distinguished Service to Radio.

(Above) Wotta pair! Sophie Tucker, "the last of the red-hot mamas" (sez she) and band leader Ben Bernie compare notes. We'd sure like to get a glance at 'em. (Below) Eddie Duchin and his great big smile are on a train (even if you can't see it). He's kept busy hopping off and on to keep engagements.



Phil Harris

*Amos
And*

Phil doesn't mind having his picture taken. Just look at that smile and pose! (Right) Amos is showing Andy what part of the world they're hopping off to—if they ever get a vacation from demanding contracts. (Below) Ed Wynn tells his latest to the genial missus of Mayor La Guardia of New York City. And Joe Penner—laughing at his own jokes again. Monk puts up with it, too!

*Mrs. F. H. La Guardia
and Ed Wynn*

*Joe Penner
and Monk*

The Story Rubinoff Wouldn't Tell...

By
PEGGY WELLS



Rubinoff's violin, while singing
of joy to millions, has brought
unhappiness to its owner.
Twice it cost him love

THIS Sunday I
listened to
Rubinoff for the
first time. I say
for the first time"
though I am a
faithful Rubinoff
fan and nothing
sort of a cyclone
can make me miss

Chase and Sanborn broadcasts. But this time I
could really feel the tragic notes as Rubinoff coaxed them
out of his violin. As the music mounted and swayed, it
seemed to me that it was wailing a sad, eternal frustra-
tion, the tragedy of Rubinoff's loves. I could hear in his
music all of his thwarted hopes crying through the notes,
striding with unavailing ardor against fate.

I want to tell you, for the first time, the real story of
Rubinoff's unsuccessful, disillusioned search for love and
happiness. A love that he thought he had found twice in
his life, but which he has always lost because of a too
great love for his violin. I want to tell you his story so
that you, too, can at last *know* Rubinoff—and the meaning
behind his inspired, passionate music.

It goes back almost twenty years, when Dave Rubinoff
was eighteen years old. Can you picture him then?
Young, eager and impulsive, filled with a burning ambi-
tion to make a niche for himself in the music world.
At the time he had collected four other young musicians.
They appropriated the euphonious title of "The Quixie Quint-
et" and was touring the movie houses of the middle
west.

It was while on tour that Rubinoff found himself play-
ing in a movie theatre in Cleveland, Ohio. There was one

thing that made his stay in that theatre
memorable. That was the lovely young
girl who played the organ there.

All that Dave knew about her was
that her name was Dorothy, and that he
wanted more than anything else to
know her better. But he felt too shy
to present himself to her. He found
out that she would come to the theatre
every morning before the show and
practice on the organ. Then he hit upon a scheme!

ONE morning as Dorothy entered the darkened theatre
she heard the long, tragic undulations of a violin
flood the place with a rich, mellow beauty. She stopped,
thrilled to the core of her musical soul. And Rubinoff,
aware of her presence in the back of the theatre, saw her
standing rigid, her pale face raised to him as she watched
his long, vibrant fingers luring such glorious melody from
the violin. The last note ended with a staccato abruptness.

Dorothy hurried down the aisle.

"Oh please," she implored, "don't stop. That was
beautiful. Won't you play some more—for me?"

Would he? Rubinoff was overjoyed at her interest in
him. He tucked the violin under his chin and played
with all his soul. Because now as he played he was a
man in love. The sobbing chords mounted in yearning
for only Dorothy to hear.

That was the beginning. Soon they were rehearsing
together every morning, and it was in the immense, bare
theatre that they both found romance. A short time
later, Dave and Dorothy—two scared young kids—stood
before a minister and stammered "I do."

That marriage was built on a (Continued on page 77)



Father Charles E. Coughlin
at the age of seven.

The fighting PRIEST

What will be Father Coughlin's ultimate power? Is he still a spiritual idealist, or is he thinking of greater power—and greater comfort

THAT cherubic lambaster of current evils, Reverend Charles Edward Coughlin, has been in times past closely associated with the archangel of extravagant journalism, William Randolph Hearst.

He has visited the publisher at his San Simeon, California, ranch. There, in the privacy of Hearst's retreat, they have discussed the fate of the forgotten American citizen.

You should give these startling facts, hitherto unknown to the general public, more than passing consideration. They have a vital significance in this critical period of struggle to provide every man his daily bread, his daily wage.

Why should such revelations mean so much to every citizen of the U. S. A.?

Boldly stated, this is why. Hearst's newspapers have blatantly supported many of the very issues which Father Coughlin has vigorously assailed.

Certain critics of the fighting priest assert that this is grounds for doubting the priest's honesty of motive. They also point out the fact that both the Hearst publications and Father Coughlin select for discussion subjects the mere mention of which arouses the average citizen to a fury of defense or condemnation. The critics strengthen their point by asserting that when such topics no longer have the power to arouse the public they are shelved by both publisher and priest.

If this is true, it is opportunism with a vengeance. If Father Coughlin employs such tactics, consciously or unconsciously, is it not possible that if the revolution of which he constantly warns us ever came to pass he would find himself swept into leadership of the revolting throngs?

Such amazing possibilities would be a potent influence over your well being and the safety of your home. The only way you can forecast the ultimate power of Father Coughlin is to determine for yourself whether he's still a spiritual idealist, or whether in the intoxication of success he thinks only of greater power and an existence

of greater comfort. Who, other than yourself, can decide

NONE but the most prejudiced could deny Charles E. Coughlin's spiritual sincerity when he entered the priesthood in 1916. This can be said despite the fact that even as a child he displayed a brilliant logic in defending or attacking material phases of life in school speeches. The fact is that before studying for the priesthood he had had every intention of becoming a lawyer.

Then three months spent wandering in Europe seemed to fill him with religious fervor. He returned to his native Canada to study for the priesthood for five years under the Basilians in Toronto.

The fighting priest's reverently adoring biographer, Ruth Mugglebee, would have you believe that he was destined for the priesthood from the day of October 25, 1891, when he was brought into the world in Hamilton, Ontario. His mother, Amelia Mahoney Coughlin, was an intensely devout Catholic. His father, once a stoker on a Great Lakes steamer, later a church sexton, was pious as well. It would have been strange if with such a background Charles Coughlin had not turned wholeheartedly to the cloth.

As further evidence of his reverence for things holy you should consider carefully the fact that even the priest's undeniably keen intelligence could not foresee that a sword of material power was to be thrust into his hands.

No, in 1924 when he had his first poor parish in North Branch, Michigan, he was a priest who felt deeply the humility he preached. Even when he moved to Royal Oak, and started the Shrine of the Little Flower, his station in life was humble. He had a bare eighty members in his congregation. There was just enough money available in the diocese with which to build his simple shingled church. So quietly and plainly did he live that he had no suspicion a dramatic stroke of his enemies was shortly to start him on his rise (Continued on page 53)

By JOHN
SKINNER



FATHER
COUGHLIN



(Left to right) Bill Childs, Gene Arnold and Fitz Clark kid the whole U. S. A.



Meet THE SINCLAIR MINSTRELS

THE mighty men of Minstrel-dom are dead. You hear that wherever veterans of the entertainment business gather. Dead, all of them. Dockstader, Mullen, DeVoe—dead.

Ladies and gentlemen, I want to introduce to you some modern minstrels. Gents so full of life that your blue Monday nights are turned gay and giddy with their fun, gents by the name of Gene Arnold, Bill Childs, Mac McCloud, Cliff Soubier, Fritz Clark and Joe Parsons.

Here are giants of minstrels with armies of followers spreading from border to border of this country. Here are the famous Sinclair Minstrels.

When Harry Sinclair sank his first oil well and laid his first pipe line he little dreamed that he or the company he founded one day would be neck-deep in the business of entertaining folk. He little thought that he would be hiring gentlemen to blacken their faces and redden their lips for the greater glory of Sinclair products. All that was before radio, of course.

The business of broadcasting changed all that. In order to sell, one must make friends. The Sinclair company was only dimly conscious of that all-important fact several years ago when it organized its first group of entertainers and left them to the tender mercy of the air waves.

Those of you who listen each Monday night for these modern minstrel programs would probably turn up your nose at those creaky one-station shows of yesteryear. But you needn't. They were good shows, with Gene Arnold doing the middle-man. The proof of the pudding is in the eating—those same shows have spread from a timid single station to a web that now blankets the entire U. S. A.

And popular? I visited Chicago last year as who didn't and decided to try to see the Sinclair Minstrels. Did I? "Sorry," I was told. "We're twelve thousand tickets behind now."

Twelve thousand, get it! So many thousands of people had written in from all over Uncle Sam's domain for tickets to their favorite radio period that the five hundred

seat studio was chock-a-block with visitors every Monday night and the list was still behind.

The thing that is unique about these minstrel-men is that the jokes you hear them spring are your jokes. An-yours and yours. Most programs go to elaborate pains to secure humor for their shows. They hire joke writers at fabulous figures and pretend that their offerings are fresh and unrumpled by use. But listen to these minstrels—

Gene: Do you like talkative women as well as others?

Mac: What others?

Another sample:

Gene: You're not living with your mother-in-law anymore, are you, Fritz?

Fritz: No, suh. She insulted me.

Gene: How did she insult you?

Fritz: She tol' me nevah to darken her bath-tub again.

Gene Arnold who is the Sinclair interlocutor has seen a lot of life, a lot of jokes. Early in the business he learned that all this world's humor is founded on a few basic gags that you can count on your fingers. Hence, a jokes are old jokes even before they are written, even



The whole cast of merry fellows caught by the camera's eye this time.

Sinclair sank a well and laid some
pipes. He got oil and we got min-
strels. An amazing tale

By ARCHIE DAVIDSON

When they are purchased at one hundred bucks per
villable.

So, he took his case to the public. He asked us to send
in our favorite jokes. And we have—by the thousand.
One enthusiasatic contributor expressed him a box con-
taining five thousand. Another offered a complete col-
lection of all the mother-in-law gags printed in the last
ten years.

UT about these minstrels. What manner of funny
men are they? Well, to continue with their kingpin
and top hand, Gene Arnold is a boy out of Jasper County,
Illinois. The family tagged him Eugene Paul Arnold and
expected him to become a school teacher like his mother
and father. But Gene was destined to teach people to
tough and to think. It was his voice that led him to
Chicago for study in the Chicago Musical College. Hence,
it was a short step to the stage and the life of the theatre.
Since then, he has never ceased being an entertainer.

On one Sinclair program, a faulty curtain squeaked
protestingly while it was raised. The thin rasping seeped
into the mikes and was spread to a million loudspeakers

Maybe you heard it. Gene commented on it. Within a
week over half a hundred cans of oil, all addressed to
Gene, had come to NBC's Chicago studio. Needless to
say, that curtain never squeaked again.

You've heard the Monday night laughter that booms
into your parlor from the Minstrel audience in Chicago.
You've heard Gene making the introductions and the
answers that followed:

"The Little Chocolate Drop, Cliff Soubier."

"Uh huh, little Clifflie in pusson."

"And Mamma's little red hot, McCloud."

"Yas suh, dat's all."

"That sentimental son of the south, Fritz Clark."

"Mah mammy calls me tea-bone."

"And Big Bill Childs, radio's gift to the ladies."

"How do, gals."

Maybe you listened to this exchange

Gene: Well, Fritz, I think Mac McCloud is a little out
of sorts this evening, isn't he?

Fritz: Yes, he took his wife to one uv dese swell
restaurants and she found a fly in her soup. She called
de waitah and said, "Remove this insect."

Gene: Well?

Fritz: Dey throwed Mac down three flights of stairs.

You've heard Gene's words, if you're a minstrel fan,
and the hilarious gales of laughter that followed. I've
been around studios a lot. I've seen programs that hired
gangs of extras to sit in the front rows and applaud. I've
heard an alleged radio comedian crack an alleged joke and
seen a sound man turn on a phonograph record of people
laughing and stamping their feet and applauding.

And I, being a wise guy, said to myself when I heard
all the whoop-dee-de during these introductions, "There's
something phoney about this show. Nothing could be as
funny as that."

Now, with bent head and contrite heart, I admit the
wise guy was wrong. That packed and jammed master
studio in Chicago's Merchandise Mart does echo and
shiver with laughter during those introductions. Those
guffaws and belly-laughs are honest. Those five hundred
visitors who have taken the trouble to write for tickets
(and waited for weeks before getting them) are having

RADIO STARS

the times of their lives at the sight of Arnold and his merry makers. I don't pretend to understand it, but there it is. If you doubt it, tune in to NBC any Monday evening at 10:00 E. S. T.

I DO understand Big Bill Childs, though. His appeal is elemental and universal. Maybe it's a trick in his voice. Anyhow, he sounds just like he looks. Six feet and two inches tall, weighing over 200 pounds. He's married (though you'd never guess it when you're listening to him) and has three children all over twenty years old. When he was eight, he did his first stage work for his father who was a showman, singer, and lecturer. Once, he thought he would be an electrical engineer. A period of singing over Chicago's KYW changed that.

Back in Elgin, Illinois, where he went to school, he's still remembered as the lad who could take on all comers and lay them end to end. Nowadays, he takes on golf and hiking for his exercise. His favorite story is of the time he had pneumonia and was very close to death. Despite the doctor's orders he tuned in the Sinclair Minstrels and listened to their performance. During that broadcast he took a turn for the better and in no time at all was well again. Call it auto-suggestion or hocus-pocus if you will, he did get well.

He got well enough to come back and do his odds and ends of "po'try" each week. Remember his "I feel a verse comin' on"? Here's a sample.

"Sam's girl was young and pretty
While mine was old and gray,
Sam's girl was shaped like Venus,
Mine like a bale of hay.
Sam's girl was rich and sporty,
While mine was poor but good.
But do you think I'd change with Sam?
You bet your life I would."

Mae McCloud is another musician turned actor. His instrument of torture used to be the trombone. Now he just says, "Yas, suh, da's all." Given a chance, he can tell you a salty assortment of tales he learned in the Navy in 1918. That Navy, by the way, took him and his trombone to France during the war, which his best friends won't tell him is one of the causes of the early surrender of the Germans.

For some unknown reason, he is the one minstrel who gets gifts. Up to date, he has received porterhouse

steaks, cake, fudge, a Tuxedo dinner coat, watch, gym shoes, riding boots, a derby, and a sugar walking cane. Keep those things in mind folks, when next you do your Christmas shopping.

Cliff Soubier is one of Chicago's most famous villains. He has killed hundreds of men—in radio plays, of course. It was surprising to me to find him doing black face on this Sinclair show. But when I'd heard him once my doubts were banished.

If ever you saw a wandering troupe of medicine men spicing the virtues of Kickapoo Kure-all under flaming gasoline torches years ago, it is quite likely you were seeing young Cliff Soubier in the flesh. Now, a veteran of the First Nighter, Sealed Power Sideshow, and other big programs, he remembers those hot, harassed nights when he was "Little Eva" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and rose to Heaven tied about his five-year old middle with a rope. There's not a facet of the show business he has missed. Popular and well-paid, he's a bright and shining star in his own right these days. And a big part of any show.

Fritz Clark—that sentimental son of the South. You've heard his slow bashful response, "Mah mammy calls me tea-bone." You've heard the screams of laughter. I wish you could see Fritz Clark as that studio audience sees him. He's a talented fellow who made his entry into radio by means of his tenor position in the Maple City Four, that soft-singing quartet that Station WLS made famous. Clark is another mid-westerner, calls La Porte, Indiana, home.

Of course, there is more to these minstrel men than gags and stunts. There is music for instance. Harry Kogen and his giddy-yup bandmen doing tricks to a trombone smear or a cornet cadenza are hot spots in anybody's minstrel show. Or the Sinclair Male Quartet going to town with "I Love the Land of Old Black Joe." Or for that matter, Joe Parsons, "radio's best loved basso." There's a story about Joe. Years ago, during one of those lean periods that occur in the lives of all great artists, he was forced to take a job in a beer garden at Sheepshead Bay, New York. During his engagement there he met some fellow performers who were also ambitious and hard-working. They became fast friends. Later, those friends became known as Vincent Richards, Sophie Tucker, Van and Schenck, and George White. (Continued on page 81)



(Left to right) Pat Petterson, Art Jones, Al Rice and Fritz Clark at it again

Here's your chance to get expert advice on this important subject—Ray Knight broadcasting the answer



DO YOU KNOW HOW TO KISS?

THE radio kissing controversy is flaming anew among directors, actors and sound effects men of NBC and Columbia.

What, they cry, constitutes an effective radio kiss? Should it be sustained to the point where the kissers become dizzy? Or must it be the short, snappy morning kiss of the well trained husband? Should the leading man actually kiss the leading lady or just the back of his own hand?

In the studios this kissing business has become a trying problem. Even now, Marion Parsonnet, former head of Columbia's continuity department, is leading a group of young whippersnappers who say there should be no kiss. Just silence. The listeners are supposed to imagine it.

This makes red blooded realists of the old school, like Raymond Knight, pretty mad.

What do you suggest? It's your problem as much as that of the directors—more, in fact. Put yourself in the place of the principal of your favorite radio drama. You come to a situation requiring a warmish embrace on the part of you two, and what happens?

The other character plants a smack on his hand that would start a team of lazy mules kiting down the highroad for a new record. How can you be expected to play a convincing role after such an ungraceful display as that?

By JEAN
PELLETIER

THE most provocative exchange of opinion on this vital subject was made recently between Ray Knight, writer and actor of "Billy Batchelor," and Tom Hutchinson, who plays "Billy" in the presentations on the Columbia Pacific

Coast network.

"... Some like it hot and some like it cold," wrote Tom in despair. "Some like squishy resonance while others prefer a hearty smack."

"From my own experience, I have found—or at least my wife tells me—that passionate kisses should be silent, and there seems to be a certain amount of passion to be expected between Billy and Janet. She says she refuses to be pecked at."

"So far, I have endeavored to accomplish the desired results with a mad osculatory attack on my own hand, with the aforementioned success."

"My announced intention of real kisses met with favorable comment from Janet, but my suggestion that we rehearse brought forth the startling truth that Nelson Case, Uncle Hannibal, Wellington Watts and even Peter had offered to practice with Janet before the microphone. So there we are."

There we are indeed. Grope your way out of that dilemma if you can. Better yet, read what the irrepressible Ray Knight wrote back. (Continued on page 90)



Strictly

Alice Joy is suing for divorce. Gene and Glenn take their troubles into court! Kate Smith makes some plans that will surprise you. Ted Husing has a fist fight. And other gossip items about favorites

(Left) Dorothy Lamour — proving again "that beauty is its own excuse for being." It won Dorothy the spot of girl singer with Herbie Kay's orchestra.

(Below) Two little big stars of the airwaves, Pat Ryan (Helen) and Estelle Levy (Mary), juvenile entertainers in "The Adventures of Helen and Mary."



confidential

KATE SMITH followers may get their wish real soon. A sponsor is talking radio to her right now and Kate is all ears. If contracts are signed, it will be a novel program. For once, Kate will not be singing in between commercial announcements. They're working out a plan whereby the announcements will be short and run into the program in such a way that it'll be like a chocolate-coated pill—easy to take.

ODD things do happen. Carson Robison, who is under contract to Columbia, is working on NBC. The piano team of Pollock and Lawnhurst, NBC artists, is pounding pianos for the Happy Wonder Bakers on CBS. Edith Murray, a new find of CBS, which has her under contract, has been appearing on the stage of the Radio City Music Hall, a sister organization of NBC. It's the first time a Columbia star has been featured on that stage. In fact, very few NBC stars have received the honor.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S edict barring simulation of the presidential voice on the air withered

the hopes of Lester Tremayne, young Chicago character actor, who had achieved an enviable reputation for his Roosevelt voice on the WLS Bundesen hour. Tremayne's impersonation of F. D. R. was so realistic that the sponsor at first thought that he had been duped with a recording. Incidentally, Les was probably the youngest person playing the President on the air. He was born in London in 1912. He plays the love interest in Columbia's "The Romance of Helen Trent."

BILL BAAR, the 24-year-old chap who plays all the characters in "Grandpa Burton's Show" on NBC, tapped off his script to some inspiring atmosphere recently. In the midst of a lighthouse sequence (the waves were dashing against the rock-bound coast—you could almost hear the roar of the surf) Bill heard water, a lot of water. Then his dog began to bark. Investigation revealed that a pipe had burst, flooding the basement. Baar's dog, Rusty, was trying to save his bed, which was floating gayly on the water and Bill rushed to the rescue of the dog. A very wet business. So Bill wrote a desert story to dry things up.

WHIO says the radio business isn't having its day? In the last quarter of 1933 Columbia Broadcasting System did a gross sales of 133 per cent over 1929. The per advertiser expenditure was 70 per cent greater than in 1929. Radio City speaks for the National Broadcasting Company. Radio City meant a lot of money—and money talks.

SELDOM do we record a fist fight. But this one is so unusual that we can't pass it up. The characters were Ted Husing, CBS announcer, and Bob Taplinger, who conducts the "Meet the Artist" program for Columbia. The scene was the Columbia building on Madison Avenue. The time: late one February day.

The New York's *World Telegram* had just announced the winners in its third annual poll of radio editors. There were so many CBS winners that Taplinger arranged to have them all on a special program that night. Husing, winner in the sports announcer division, and Taplinger were discussing Husing's part on the program. It seems Husing wanted to do one thing and Bob wanted him to do another. Anyway, the situation led to words that reached a new

Up all night again. And they look like it! Life is just one skit writing spree after another for Baron Jack Pearl Munchausen and famous humorist, Billy Wells.

(Left to right) June Meredith, Jack Daly and John Stamford take the air on one of those Friday night First Nighter broadcasts. Gotta watch their cues.



RADIO STARS



Go ahead, Georgie. Gracie Allen can stand that closeup any old time!

high. Before many folks knew what was going on, the two had retired to privacy and put those words into action. Bob returned with a black eye. Ted with a limp. But the program went on without interruption.

LISTING liabilities in the form of unpaid debts mounting to \$16,137, a voluntary petition in bankruptcy has been filed in behalf of Norman Cordon, youthful leading basso of the Chicago Grand Opera Company and a member of NBC's Merriemen quartet. Cordon's assets were listed as \$10 in cash, \$20 in music books and clothing valued at \$70.

THE dreams of radio's "Dream Girl" have been shattered. Alice Joy has sued her husband, Eldon Burn, for divorce. Miss Joy, who did her first singing in public during the Liberty Loan drives at her home town, Streator, Illinois, where she answered to the name of Frances Holcomb, charged in her action that her Canadian-born husband, who was a captain with the British Royal Air Force during the World War, deserted her in New York in June, 1932. There are two children, Bruce, 7, and Lois, 6. Alice Joy has been on the air from Chicago since May, 1933.

THIS being the April Fool month, we are reminded of some choice tricks pulled by the network artists in past years.

There was that time Leon Belasco, the bandster, was worked into a sweat over nothing. A few men in the CBS offices got their heads together and planned a fake broadcast. Leon was notified at 10:30 p.m. that a program

had been cancelled and that he'd have to go on the air at 11 o'clock. Leon, who was playing in a hotel at the time, dropped his work and hurriedly mapped out a program. Kenneth Roberts, announcer, rushed to the hotel and buzzed around with activity in preparation for the program. A control man set up his instruments and conducted a fake microphone test.

At 11 o'clock the signal was given. Leon lifted his baton. On the very first note one of the trumpets was out of tune. Before the first few bars were finished, a trombone had



Teaching cowboy songs to cowboys. John White of "Death Valley Days" does that.

hit an awfully blue note. By that time Leon was furious. But when the vocalist stood up and sang off key, Leon was a wreck. "Carry on," he thought to himself. The second number was worse. Instead of one instrument at a time roaring in screechy notes, the whole saxophone section started playing original compositions. By then Leon was in flames. The desired effect had been obtained. The whole orchestra stood up, played whatever note came to mind and yelled "April Fool." It took Leon all night to cool off.

MORTON DOWNEY is perhaps radio's most practical joker. When he was on that cigarette program with Tony Wons, he took advantage of April Fool's Day to add to Tony's worries. The sponsor had two programs running at the same time, one on NBC and one on CBS. Tony was the philosopher on the CBS end, while a fellow known as "Old Hunch" was the philosopher over at NBC. Tony was a bit sensi-

tive about this close competition.

Tony had just gotten out the first issue of his scrapbook, of which he was extremely proud. Then one day Downey walked into the studio with a big thick book under his arm. On the cover, in big bright letters, was the title, "Old Hunch's Scrapbook." Tony saw it and boiled. "This guy can't get away with it," he stormed. "I won't stand for him stealing my ideas." Tony tore his hair and paced the floor. He threatened to break his contract if his sponsor was going to allow "Old Hunch's" book to compete with his. Downey tried to calm him down. But every word Downey said made Tony madder. Finally Downey suggested that Tony glance through the book. Tony grabbed it. Making comments on how lousy it looked as he did so. Then he opened it. His face, red with anger, began to pale. It was a telephone book. Downey had scored again.

NOW here's a story that isn't an April Fool joke, but a fact. About two years ago, Columbia broadcast a portion of an NBC program while NBC broadcast a few



Radio catches a beauty — Harriet Lee, contralto of "Sweetheart Melodies."

minutes of a CBS program—all by mistake. Both programs were dance music coming by wire from New York hotels. The telephone exchange got the two wires reversed by mistake.

GENE CARROLL and Glenn Rowell, known from coast to coast as the radio team of Gene and Glenn, are both in the divorce courts. Both are plaintiffs and both are charging "wilful absence." Gene filed

Don Ameche's brother is working in radio under an assumed name;

RADIO STARS



(Left) Romancel Virginia Clark plays the lead in "Romance of Helen Trent." (Right) Those Eton boys—Art Gentry, Jack Day, Earl Smith and Charlie Day.



first and Glenn followed within five weeks.

THOUGH the sponsors are reluctant to divulge any backstage details about Columbia's "Jack Armstrong, the All-American boy," it is young Jim Ameche, brother of Don Ameche, the leading man of "The First Nighter," of "Talkie Picture Time" and "Betty and Bob," all of NBC, who plays the part of this virile youngster. The brothers come from Kenosha, Wisconsin. One version for the anti-publicity attitude is that young Jim, though a normal, healthy lad, doesn't look quite like the robust footballer he portrays.

IT was something when Harpo Marx put over that dog and lamp-post incident in the movies. But radio has gone a step further. Bob Becker, who wrote Columbia's "Devil Bird" sketches last year, has been helping the harassed housewives, through the good offices of WGN, with a series of talks on house-breaking the dogs.

THE show must go on! With two pages of script to go before the day's episode of "Today's Children" was over, Bess Johnson, who plays the rôle of Frances Moran (and does those bite test commercials for all of Wayne King's shows), suddenly felt dizzy; she beckoned to Louis Roen, the announcer. He caught the motion, supported her until the last line was read. Then Bess swooned in his arms as he read the closing announcement. The radio audience was blissfully unaware of her collapse. The case was diagnosed as colloidion poisoning brought on supposedly by a

(Continued on page 54)

Baseball broadcasting is to be censored; Cheerio is a T. B. M.



DECORATION BY
JACK WELCH

(1) Irving Berlin who has written so many songs he can hardly remember them all. (2) Robert Armbruster whose "Music on the Air" is a CBS feature. (3) The smile belongs to Muzzy Marcellino, guitarist and clowning crooner in Ted Fiorito's band. (4) Buddy Rogers, now playing at the Paradise, does his traveling by plane. (5) Ahhhh! What a smile hath Freddie Rich of the CBS baton. (6) If he had written nothing more than "Without a Song," Vincent Youmans would still be among America's foremost composers. (7) What do radio conductors do in their spare time? Mark Warnow sits at home and listens to the radio.

Your Hawkshaw of the hot spots trails down some warmish news. Read his gumshoe gossip and know the inside stories of Jazzland



BAND BOX

By W I L S O N B R O W N

BENNY DAVIS is the top man in radio as far as orchestras are concerned. At the present, more than 125 orchestras bearing his name are playing all over the world. Davis, a millionaire, has found himself a favorite with the blue book crowd. After leaving the St. Regis Hotel in New York, he conducted his sixty-piece dance band for Atwater Kent's party for his daughter, Virginia, in Philadelphia. Then on New Year's Eve he furnished the music for President and Mrs. Roosevelt's party at the White House.

• Kenny Sargent, vocalist with the Casa Loma Band, is going in for beauty in a big way. He has accepted the invitation of the University of South Carolina's yearbook editor to select the school's eight beauty queens.

• Believe it or not, the boys in Pancho's CBS Band, who play tangos and rhumbas as they should be played, are all natives of New York who learned their rhythms from Pancho. Even Paul Pauli, his soloist who sings

songs in Spanish as though it were his mother tongue, is also a New York boy and picked it all up as he went along.

• Don Bestor believes that vocal effects are just as important in a band as instrumental effects. For that reason, he has employed nine singers, six boys and three girls.

• Babe Miller, formerly with Barney Rapp's band, substituted for Loretta Lee as vocalist with George Hall's orchestra while Loretta vacationed in New Orleans, her home. Loretta celebrated her first anniversary with George on January 13 and Babe, by the way, has been making a lot of personal appearances on New York stages lately.

• Obtaining perfect harmony in a female trio, as far as Ted Fiorito is concerned, seems to be a case of hiring three young ladies as different as night and day. That's how it is with the debutantes, anyway. There's that lovely redhead, Betty Noyes, from Oklahoma, Dotty Hill, a striking Arizona brunette. (Continued on page 8)

Sport togs on Parade



Very gay and cabellero-ish is Peggy Healy in this striking beach outfit. This dashing get-up is right up to the minute, for warm weather clothes are borrowing ideas from Mexico. The beach wrap is made of coarse, natural linen with the most delicious stripes you can imagine. The swim suit is light weight wool. And don't overlook the final touch—that sombrero—it will make a great hit.



Everybody plays tennis—when they have such adorable shorts, says Peggy. The wide pleats of the shorts give plenty of room for stretching and running. They're not only verro smart, but also cool. Keeps your head cool, too, to know that you are trickily attired for the courts. And you'll find it easy to win, for your opponent will certainly have a very hard time keeping his eye on the ball.



"Simmer, slimmer, little star"—Peggy's figure revises an old nursery rime. Slimness is still the style in spite of curves and Mae West, and this little knitted outfit emphasizes it. Plaids (and you recall I told you before) are more popular than ever, you'll soon be seeing them everywhere. Note how the double breast of the dark blouse and the slit pockets of the skirt give that boyish effect.



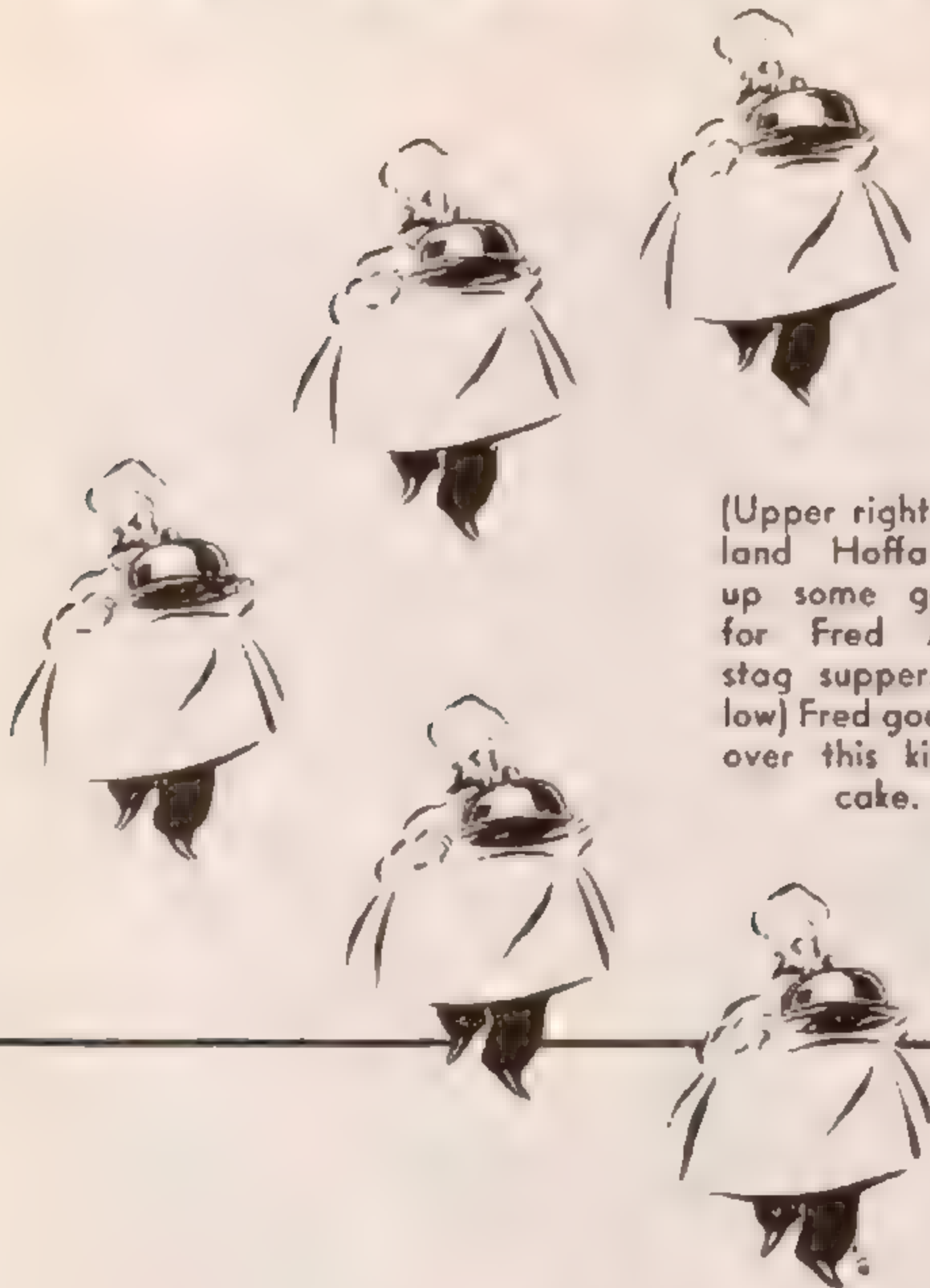
*arranged by
Helen Hoover*

The plaids and stripes will make
the beaches smartly gay this
coming season



(Top left) Rosemary Lane thinks there's nothing like dark shorts with a high waistline to give you that sought-after hipline silhouette. The drawstring neckline ties in a perky bow at the nape of the neck. (Left) Plaids again—I told you so. Just a little "bra" and shorts make a stunning swim suit. That neckline and the deep yoke at the waist do flattering things to your figure. (Above) The Lane sisters, Priscilla and Rosemary (again). Priscilla prefers the all-over romper, which looks most modest until you see the back—or lack—of it.

FOOD FIT FOR *Lings* OF THE AIR



(Upper right) Portland Hoffa fixes up some goodies for Fred Allen's stag supper. (Below) Fred goes nuts over this kind of cake.



Courtesy Standard Brands, Inc.

By MRS. ALICE PAIGE MUNROE

THE happy marriage of Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa is no accident, as you can witness by this remark Portland once made to me: "I have never made Fred give up his friends and devote all of his time to me. Once a week he has an evening with the boys while Jane Ace and I run out to a movie or bridge

and leave the men alone to have their own stag party."

What a clever way of keeping the home ties from becoming monotonous! I think it would be a splendid idea to borrow that tip from Portland and announce to friend husband, "Invite all the men friends you want over to the house some night and

play cards or do anything you please to your heart's content. I'll go on and leave you the whole house to yourself."

Can't you just picture the delightful grin on his face when he hears that? And this is your chance to make him really proud of his wife. You may wonder what to serve—and how to serve it so that your home won't look as though a cyclone struck it when you return. Well, here are some of Portland's suggestions on preparing for a stag party that will make a hit with your husband's friends and will have your husband throwing out his chest with pride! Wait—if you happen to be enjoying single blessedness, don't pass this by. There are some dandy (Continued on page 91)

FRED ALLEN PASTRY RECIPES

RADIO STARS RECIPE DEPARTMENT

RADIO STARS Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me RADIO STARS Pastry Recipes. I enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Name _____

(Print in pencil)

Address _____

(Street and number)

City _____

(State) _____

If you Want to be Beautiful

Learn to add glamour
to your personality
with the alluring fragrance of perfume

Photo by Ray Lee Jackson

Through thick creams, thin lotions, to the last dab of powder, Loretta Clemens insists on one fragrance in all of her beauty preparations.

By CAROLYN BELMONT

SUITING perfumes to your moods may be all very well, but how about the mood of your public? One day they place you in the role of a fragrant Oriental maiden because of that rich, passionate perfume you are wearing. And then the next day they have the shock of their lives when they seem to sense a modest little violet. Better let your friends and public remember you by your own special essence.

Perfume is a delicate matter, and if you apply it delicately, you'll get a lot more effect. That old adage, "a little goes a long way," points squarely in this direction. Let your nose do a little sleuthing around your perfume-addicted friends and see if I'm not telling the simple truth.

Now, I'm not 'agin' perfume, far from it. I think it's just too useful and necessary and alluring for words, but it's just one of those things that must not be bungled.

A young husband who had persuaded himself that he hated perfume (perhaps he'd had experiences in "personality odors") always complimented his wife on her sweet, clean soap-and-water aura. No such thing. She had a bottle of the faintest perfume well concealed, you can guess, and she used it constantly. But he never had his dream ruined, because she never overdid the little ceremony.

Now here's the big idea. Keep all your scented beauty reparations in the same key, or the same smell, to be exact. In that way you can heighten your fragrance effect.

There are some companies that make a point of having all their cold creams, powders, lotions and other preparations of the same scent. But you need not necessarily buy

these. But no matter whose products you use—or whether you use half a dozen different ones from various companies—you can insist on one certain scent.

The more I study this beauty scheme, the more I am convinced of its importance, but also I know that it can be such a simple thing instead of all the complications you read about. You can make these cold creams and lotions for yourself if you want to take a little time and trouble. And then the perfume problem becomes ever so simple. For you just have one bottle of good smelling liquid which you drop into everything you use.

Do you start with bath salts in your morning bath? Just a small handful in the bath water gives you a sweet-smelling skin from head to toe. This begins the perfume ensemble.

What shall it be? Geranium, rose, lavender, violet—or any other fragrance that seems to belong to you. Choose it carefully and make certain that you are going to like it because, remember, if only for an experiment, you are going to smell it through thick creams and thin lotions and to the last dab of powder on the tip of your nose.

I always think of bath powder as a luxury that I allow myself only on gala occasions, but sometimes in the mornings, when I know a hard day is waiting to spring at my neck, I go ga-ga and indulge in that all over pat-pat with a soft puff. It peps up my ego, no end. I defy anyone to make the office worm out of me after that splurge.

That bath powder is just another addition to the perfume base. If you've started with geranium in the bath salts, then have that odor for your bath powder, too. I say geranium because it always seems to me to be one of the freshest smelling perfumes. Any other is just as good as long as it suits you. (Continued on page 96.)



We've thought of a grand new parlor game. It's something like "ring around a rosy" except that you don't have to dance and sing.

But you do need a parlor, a radio, a copy of RADIO STARS' Programs and reasonable patience. The object is to discover that there are more stations than you think on which you can get your favorite programs.

If you're in the Central Time district, for example, take your pet programs and try all the CST stations. Chances are you'll find other network outlets which bring the programs to you better.

If you encounter some listings where none of the stations given carry these broadcasts, someone's cheating, but it isn't us.

(April 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd and 29th.)

8:30 A.M. EST (1/2)—The Balladeers. Male chorus and instrumental trio.
WEAF, WREN, WTAM, WWJ, WGY, WJOP, WIS, WFLA, WJAR, WBC, WWSN, WTHL, WOSH 8:00 CST—WGB, KTHS, WOV

10:00 EST (1/2)—Southernaires Quartet. Polynesian harmony.
WJZ, WJAL, WRZ, WBZA, KDKA, WJAR, WMAI, WHAM, WSYR on 10:15 9:00 CST—WENR, WNBC, KWK, KFP, KPYR, WREN, WJHA, WDAY (KOH. on 9:15)

10:30 EST (1/2)—Garden of Tomorrow. E. L. D. Seymour; Frank Pincus Orch. (Tennessee Corp.)
WEAF, WJAG, WOSH, WTHR, WRC, WGY, WREN, WCAE, WFL, WTAM, WJAR

11:00 EST (1/2)—Morning Musicals.
WJZ, WJAL, WJAR, WJR, WMAI, WHAM, WJZ, WJZA, WLW, WSYR, KDKA 10:00 CST—WENR, KWOR, KWK

11:15 EST (1)—Major Bowes Capitol Family. Maria Silvera, sop.; Hannah Klein, pianist; Nicholas Cosentino, ten.; Tom McLaughlin, bar.; Four Minute Men, male quartet; symphony orchestra.
WEAF, WJAR, WTHR, WRC, WTAM, WFLA, WJAG, WJAX, WGY, WJOP, WWSN, WCAE, WJVA 10:45 CST—WJAG, KPYR, WSMR, WERC, WFAA, WDAY, WSAI, KSTP, WMO, WKY, KJBS, WJAL, WMAF, KPRC, KVOO, WAPI, WJH, WOC off 10:45 9:15 MST—KDYL, KOA

11:30 EST (1)—Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ. Magnificence in Church music.
(WABC on 12:00 noon), WABC, WOKC, WJAL, CKLW, WJRC, WJAM, WJHO, WJST, WJG, WJAH, WJRW, WJP, WJEA, WDRJ, WORC, WJRN, WJAC, WCAU, WJAX, WJAN, WJPD, WJEC on 11:45 WJG, WJRC off 11:45 10:30 CST KMH, WJAS, WJRC, WJOP, WJAG, KTHL, KJHA, WJRN, KOMA, WJHD, WJRW, WMT, WJOC, WJAC, WJST, WJST, WJAG, WJRN on 10:45 WJOC off 10:45 9:30 MST—KJOR, KJZ
(Network especially subject to change)

12:00 Noon EST (1/2)—Baby Rose Marie goes to work for Tastyest.
WJZ, WJZ, WJZA, WJAL, WMAI, WLW, WHAM, WJR, WSYR

12:15 P.M. EST (1)—Radio City Co. #16; Symphony Orchestra; Chorus; Soloists.
WJZ, WJAL, WHAM, WJAR, KDKA, WRZ, WJZA, WJG, WMAI, WJRN, WKY, WSYR, WJG, WJR, WWSN 11:30 A.M. CST—WREN, KOHL, WDAY, KPYR, WSMR, KPRC, WAPI, WERC, WJRN, WJOC, WJAL, KVOO, WKY, KTHS off 12:00 10:30 MST—KOA, KJYL 9:30 PST—KGO, KOMO, KJH, KFI, KJW
(Network especially subject to change)

1:00 EST (1/2)—Duke Carnegie reveals "Little Known Facts About Well Known People." Harold Sanford Orchestra. (Malted Cereals Co.)
WEAF, WJAG, WJAL, WJAR, WOSH, WFL, WGY, WREN, WTAM, WWJ

1:30 EST (1/2)—Little Miss Bab-o's Surprise Party. Mary Small and guest artists with William Wirgin Orch. (B. T. Bab-bitt Co.)
WEAF WTAE WJAR WFL WFRR
WGY WJEN WCAE WSAI WTAM
WEEI 12:30 CST—WMAG

1:30 EST (1/2)—Luzi Dan, the Minstrel Man. (A. S. Boyle Floor Wax.)
WABC WADE WIDC WBT WTAR
WHEC WQAG WKW WKRC WHK
CKLW WCAU WJAX WJAS WJSV
WCAH WMBG 12:30 CST—WBBM
KMBC WHAS WOOD KMOX WBBM
KRLL WQOW WGST WLAQ WDSU
KOMA KNOJ WMT 11:30 A.M. MST—
KSL KIZ 10:30 A.M. PST—KFY
KERC KGH KHJ KOIN KOL KVI
KERN KMT KFBK KDH KWC

2:00 EST (1/2)—Bar X Days and Nights. (Health Products.)
WIZ WHAL WSYR KDKA WMAL
WBZ WQZA CRCT WGAI WJR
WKY 1:00 CST—KWK KWC RSO
WJEN KOIL KYW

2:00 EST (1/2)—Admiral Gene Arnold and his four Commodores. (Crazy Crystals Water Company.)
WEAF WWJ WSAI WTAE WEEI
WJAR WSH WFRR WRC WGY
WJEN WTAM WCAE 1:00 CST—
WMAQ WDAF WOC WIO WFAA
KPRC WOAI KAOI WOW 12:00
MST KOA KDYL 11:00 A.M. PST
KGO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ

2:00 EST (1/2)—Helen Morgan; Jerry Freeman's orchestra; Chorus. (Hi-So-Doh.)
WABC WCAO WNAO WKW WJAS
WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAX
WJSV WBT CRR 1:00 CST WBBM
KMBC WOOD WDSU WIDW WHAS
KOMA KMBR KRLL WLAQ 12:00
Noon MST—KIZ KSL 11:00 A. M.
PST—KFY KERC KGH KIL KOIN
KOL KVI KERN KMJ KFBK KDR
KWC

2:30 EST (1/2)—Cook Travelogues with Mal-corn La Prade. (Thos. Cook & Son.)
WEAF WGY WWJ WSAI WRC
WJEN WTAM WCAE WTAE WJAR
WJSH WFRR 1:30 CST WSM WMO
WSB WJDX WMBB WKHF

2:30 EST (1/2)—Big Hollywood Show. Abe Lyman's Orchestra in his "Accordiana orchestrations. (Sterling Products.)
WABC WOKO WCAO WNAO WKW
WKRC WHK CKLW WIDC WCAU
WJAX WJEN WFL WJSV WHEC
CRR 1:30 CST—WBBM WBBM
KMBC KMOX WOC

2:30 EST (1/2)—Rings of Melody. Ohman and Arden, piano team; Arlene Jackson, vocalist; Edward Sell, baritone. (Per-fect Circle Co.)
WIZ WHAL WMAL WBZ WQZA
WSYR WHAM KDKA WGAI WLW
CRCT DECE WRCA WFTF WNNC
WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WJR
WSEN 1:30 CST KWC KOIL KSO
WJSA WKK KSTP WJEN WERC
WDAY KEYH KYOO KTHS WFAA
KFBK WOAI WTMF WKY KTW
12:30 MST KDYL KDA KGR KSHL
KTA 11:30 A.M. PST—KGO KFI
KGW KOMO KHQ

2:45 EST (1/2)—Gems of Melody. Muriel Wilson, soprano; Fred Hufsmith, tenor; Harold Sanford's orchestra. (Carleton and Hoyt.)

WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WSNH
WEHR, WRC, WGY, WHEN, WCAE
WTAM, WWJ, WSAI 1:45 CST—WMAQ
WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF

2:00 EST (2)—New York Philharmonic
Symphony Orchestra.
WABO, WABO, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC
WIK, WKLV, WDRG, WCAU, WIXAU
WLAS, WEAN, WSPD, WQAM, WDBO
WBSN, WCAH, WICC, WILW, WHIG
WHP, WFEA, WMBG, WDRJ, WRRR
WTOG, WSJS, WORC 2:00 CST WFEH
KMOB, WILAS, WGST, WDRG, WDOI
WTAQ, KTHH, KIRA, WREC, WSH
WMT, WISN, WOOO, WLAC, WBBW
KFH, WDSU, KOMA, WMBD, WACO
1:00 MST—KYOR, KIZ

(Network especially subject to change.)

2:30 EST (1/2)—Spartan Triollana, Frances
Langford, contralto; Three Scamps
Richard Himber's Orch.
WJZ, WRAI, WMAI, WJZ, WJZA
WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WKY
CFBC, CRCT 2:00 CST—KYW, KWR
KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL

3:00 EST (1)—Hour of three-quarter time
Wayne King's orchestra. (Lady Esther.
WEAF, WEEI, WSNH, WLW, WRC
WGY, WHEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ
WJAR, WLIT, WTAG, 2:00 CST—KSD
WOC, WHO, WOW, WTMJ, KSTP
KVOO, WKY, WOAL, KPRC, WFEA
WLS, WBBF 1:00 MST—KDYL, KOA
12:00 PST—KOMO, KGW, KHQ, KGO
KFI

3:30 EST (1/2)—Swift Garden Program
Guest Artists. (Swift & Co.)
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WSNH
WLIT, WEHR, WRC, WGY, WISN
WCAE, WWJ, WTAM, WSAI 2:30 CST
WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WDAF

3:30 EST (1/2)—Bubbling music of Yepp
Foamers. Virginia Hamilton, vocalist
Jan Garber's orchestra.
WJZ, WRAI, WJZ, WJZA, WHAM
KDKA, WGAR, WIR, WLW, WBYA
WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WIOD, WFLA
WJAX, WSYR, WMAI 2:30 CST KYW
KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, WJZA
WMC, WEHC, WAVE, WFAA, KSO
KTHS, WDAY, KFYR, WSM, WSB
WAPL, WDX, WSMH, KTHS, KVOO
KWR, KPRC, WKY, WBBF 1:30 MST
—KOA, KGIR, KDYL, KGHL, KTKR
12:30 PST—KGO, KFI, KOMO, KHQ
KFSO, KGW

4:00 EST (1/2)—Albert Payson Terhune—dog
drama. (Spratt's Patent Ltd.)
WJZ, WBS, WJZA, WSYR, WHAM
KDKA 3:00 CST—KWR, KSO, KWK
WREN, KOIL, WLS, 3:00 MST—KOA
KDYL, 1:00 PST—KGO, KFI, KGW
KOMO, KHQ.

4:15 EST (1/4)—Vee and Johnny; two piano
team. (Wildroot)
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WSNH, WEHR
WRC, WGY, WWJ, WHEN, WCAE
WTAM, WSAI, WLIT, WTMJ 3:15 CST
—WEHC, KPRC, KTHS, WOAL, KVOO
WKY, WOW, WLS, WDAF, WFAA
KFYR, WIRA, KSTP, WDAY, WJAR
2:15 MST—KDYL, KOA 1:15 PST—
KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ

4:30 EST (1/2)—Chicago A Capella Choir; Ed-
ward Davies, baritone; Koestner's or-
chestra. (Honor.)
WEAF, WHEN, WCAE, WSNH, WEEI

(Continued on page 70)

"DODGING TRAFFIC TAKES

HEALTHY NERVES, TOO,

MR. HOCKEY PLAYER__"

Miss Ruth Dodd

of New York, says:

"Those of us who have to walk along city streets also know real nerve strain. Tireless—traffic whistles—trucks and taxis bearing down on you—it's enough to make nerves jump. I enjoy a smoke any time and smoke steadily. My cigarette? Camels. They're milder—and they don't interfere with healthy nerves."

Captain "Bill" Cook of the New York Rangers, 1933 Champion Hockey Team, says:

"A hockey player can't afford to have nerves. I smoke only Camels. They have a taste that sure hits the spot. I find that Camels never get on my nerves or tire my taste."

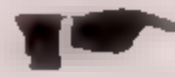
HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

Few are those today who have not been face to face with the "jangled nerves" that our modern, high-speed life is blamed for!

You know the signs—tenseness, irritability. Feelings that are hard to control. Fussy little habits like key-rattling...hair-mussing...pencil-tapping. All are signs of nerves that tingle.

Check up now on your habits that may cause jumpy nerves. The way you eat and sleep. Your work and play. And get a fresh slant on smok-

ing by making Camels your smoke.

 **Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand.**

You'll find Camels rich in flavor—yet mild and delicate. Smoking will have a new zest. And each Camel renews the enjoyment...the full, satisfying taste...the pleasure of smoking at its best!



CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

*Never get on your Nerves
Never tire your Taste*



Who's this with the purr? It's Lanny Ross, radio's favorite son, now a movie-making in Hollywood.

We'll Tell the World

Continued from page 20

Crosby and his young niece, the first of her Uncle.

A. Right. His full name is Harry Ellis Crosby. He was born May 2, 1904 in Tacoma, Washington. He is an Amer. an citizen of Irish descent. He was a student at Gonzaga High School and Gonzaga University and Law School. He has never received any professional music training.

He began his career in radio with the Crosby and Kiker team (M. Kiker is Mildred Bailey's kid brother). They were over KHIJ, Los Angeles, in 1927, singing with assistance of Pat Winterman and his orchestra.

Harry is five feet nine, weighs 165 pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair. He likes golf, tuna fishing, women with a sense of humor and lobster. He has married to Dixie Lee, former's roommates, has a son, Gary Evans Crosby, one year old, and seems pretty much pleased with life.

Q. Say you, you promised to give the off-the-air name of Katherine Norton in the "Today's Children" dramas.

A. O, my gosh! It's Irma Phillips.

Q. Well, how about the cast of Betty and Bob?

A. Right back at you, Betty—Beatrice Churchill; Bob—Don Ameche; Mary—Betty Winkler; Tony—Harker Don Briggs; Madeline—Loretta Poynton; Gardena—Edith Davis; George—Hartford—Arthur Jacobson; Jane—Hartford—Dorothy Schreiber; Mr. Burt—Bob Fiske; Mr. Douglass—Butler Mandeville; Babe—Dolores Fuller; Mrs. Vickers—Mary McCormack.

Q. When will Donald News return to the air regularly?

A. Tune in NBC's red WFAP network at 9 p. m. EST Saturdays.

Q. Say, what's the idea of telling us Larry Funk wasn't on the air when he's on the Yankee network right now?

A. Oh sorry. My NBC snapper reported he was off the air.

Q. Look, does Bill Childs of the Star-Club Minstrels do that dance?

A. Nope.

Q. We bet you can't tell us the cast of Billy Batchelor without making a mistake.

A. You're on, Tim. Freeman—Vance Deerpert; Billy Batchelor—Raymond Knight (He writes the stuff for a Wellington Watts—Raymond Knight isn't he the versatile one?); Peter—Bobby Joffin; Pan—Emily Vass; Uncle Henshale—Maurice Ellis.

Q. It's so good at these casts. It's about the Red Davis business?

A. I won't be so good at them if I have to do many more. But I can't disappoint so many of you. Red—Garret Arnold; Clara—Johnny Kane; Mr. Davis—Jack Roseleigh; Mrs. Davis—Mignon Barney; Harry Davis—Elizabeth Wragge; Linda—Linnie Howard.

You're quite welcome, I'm sure.



I'M GLAD THE STEVENS ASKED US... THEY'RE A SWELL COUPLE

I LIKE THEM A LOT... BUT I WISH SHE'D DO SOMETHING ABOUT "TATTLE-TALE GRAY." DID YOU NOTICE HIS SHIRT?

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP



1. "Tattle-Tale!"... "Tattle-Tale!"... that's what your clothes are when they're nasty and gray—when they show that all the dirt *didn't* come out in the wash.



2. What to do about it? Let your nose tell you! Change to Fels-Naptha—the *green* richer soap with *fresh dill-scenting* *mint* in it that you can smell it!

• • •

YES—say goodbye to "Tattle-Tale Gray"! Change to Fels-Naptha Soap—and hang out the snowiest washes that ever waved in a sunny backyard!

For Fels-Naptha isn't one of those "weak" soaps that make all sorts of promises and then forget to keep them.

You'll marvel at Fels-Naptha's lively, creamy suds—*the way they lather and lather*—till every speck of dirt is out!

You'll love the way Fels-Naptha treats your finest linens—how gentle it is to delicate lingerie and silk stockings—how friendly it is to hands!

Fels-Naptha's price is now the lowest in almost twenty years. Get a few bars today! Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.



3. Give yourself a treat! See what glorious washes Fels-Naptha Soap brings you! Cleaner, sweeter clothes—*as clean as dazzling white*—you'll beam with pride!

It Pays to Be Mad

(Continued from page 31)

Budd's fist connects with the Colonel's whiskers. A huge crowd gathers and all traffic is blocked. Then the playboys pick up their bag of pranks and move on.

"I've said it pays to be mad. Listen to this chapter in their crowded lives. A famous German doctor, Baron Von Grunow, was scheduled to arrive in Buffalo. The Colonel and Budd, then merely two Buffalo amateurs known as F. Chase Taylor and Fred Hulick, wanted permission from their station to cover the event.

"We'll put the German on the air and scoop everybody else in town," they argued.

"He won't care," the manager said. "He's a busy man. Besides, maybe he doesn't speak English."

"Let us try it anyway. We'll bring him back."

"All right. But you're wasting time."

Without a single idea in their heads, but a load of resolution in their hearts, the Colonel and Budd went down the big "H" to see the landing.

Five hours behind schedule, the Baron came ashore for his official welcome. But the delay had thrown the whole welcoming routine out of kilter. At the yacht club, where the mayor and all the city's committee stewed helplessly, no one knew just what to do with the distinguished visitor.

Budd and the Colonel arrived in time to sense this state of affairs. They saw the line of official cars arrayed beside the pier and the escort of forty military leaders on their panting machines. The senior captain in charge of the escort knew Budd and the Colonel.

"Where they taking this guy?" he asked.


"Don't you know?" they demanded.

"No."

(Continued on page 73)



Looks as if this eligible bachelor appreciates curves, judging from the cover of his magazine—and his expression. Eric Madriquera, orchestra leader, Waldorf-Astoria, NBC.



SKINNY?

PUT ON 5 to 15 POUNDS *Quick* — NEW EASY WAY

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast now concentrated 7 times and iron added. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new, easy treatment that is giving thousands healthy flesh, attractive curves—*in just a few weeks*.

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid, good-looking flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful!*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *enriched* with 3 special kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the

results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 35, Atlanta, Ga.

YOU'D NEVER THINK THEY
ONCE CALLED ME SKINNY



Posed by professional models

**YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
THREE INCHES IN 10 DAYS
...or it will cost you nothing!**



1. Upon receipt of Name and Address on Power of Attorney

23

It Pays to Be Mad

(Continued from page 71)

Speaking as one, they said, "To the broadcasting station."

As motorcycle engines began to pop and two mad heroes ran into the reception room, got the mayor and the distinguished aviator by their arms and led them into waiting limousines. The aviator moved off in a blaze of glory and ear-splitting noise. Budd and the colonel, riding with their prizes.

At the broadcasting station, very pretty girls were made. Only after it was all over did the mayor of the city belatedly come to ask:

"Say, what the hell's idea was it that we came over to this station. Nobody even asked me about it."

It is a matter of record that nobody could answer his question. It is also a matter of record that neither Budd nor the colonel got a raise in salary for this exploit. They didn't care, though. They'd snatched a whole welcoming parade and that was something!

THE Colonel's personal story—and Budd's—have been told again and again. The Colonel was a broker in Buffalo, New York, until his interest in theatricals led him to the Buffalo Broadcasting Company. Budd Hulick was a Long Branch, New Jersey, lad who, while working his way to Europe on a steamer, met a group of musical kids just out of college. He organized them into a band and, back in America again, played for a summer at Van Buren Day in western New York. From there he drifted to Buffalo and into the business of broadcasting. His first salary, by the way, was \$25.00 a week. He spent his days playing photograph records for a wide-eyed audience.

It's an old story that he and the Colonel first began to work together on the day a network program broke down—wire trouble, probably—they were forced to fill in for about forty minutes. They did it with the Colonel pedaling madly on an ancient organ they had dragged into the studio, with Budd talking to a surprised audience of the mighty gas-pipe organ and a gent named Melvin Stenographic.

It isn't such an old story though of how they came to New York. And it bears out the burden of this article, that is, if there is a common sense way and a silly way to do something, the silly way is frequently the better.

The Columbia Broadcasting System brought them to the Big Town for a trial. Metropolitan newspaper critics wanted to be convinced that the boys were something different. A banquet was planned to introduce them.

Nobody who attended will ever forget it. First, the two gentlemen in the seats of honor at the head of the table were such simple silent souls that not a waiter in the crowd thought they could last. Second, one of the waiters had a savage fight over how to carry a certain tray. It was very embarrassing for all concerned. Third, one of those same waiters came into the dining room with a load of toast.

(Continued on page 75)

NEW BEAUTY IN 10 DAYS

6,000,000 Women Already Adopted New Inexpensive Scientific Beauty Plan

Refines Skin Texture, Ends Large Pores, Pimples, Oiliness, Blackheads, Flakiness.

\$5 facials, creams and lotions are out! American women have found an inexpensive, quicker way to skin beauty... a scientific formula that brings noticeable new beauty in only 10 days!

Just think! In 10 days your skin, even if blemished, has again begun to look new and fresh as a baby's—texture finer, pores reduced, blackheads and oiliness gone, pimples (if any) clearing up.

Nurses Discovered It

It's NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM, first prescribed by doctors to end skin faults. Next adopted by nurses as an overnight skin



**WONDERFUL FOR
RED, ROUGH HANDS, TOO**

Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on *one* hand tonight. In the morning note how soothed it feels—how much softer, smoother, whiter *that* hand is! Noxzema improves hands *overnight*.



After you've tried Noxzema, get the new, big money-saving 50c jar.



corrector. Now the "miracle" formula that's saving fortunes on beauty care for 6,000,000 delighted women.

Noxzema is not a salve nor ointment. It is snow-white, greaseless, *medicated*. Noxzema promotes skin beauty Nature's way—through skin health. Its penetrating medication purges away hidden poisons that cause blemishes. Then its rare oils soothe and soften—its ice-like, stimulating astringents shrink the coarsened pores to exquisite fineness.

HOW TO USE: Start on the Noxzema Beauty Plan today. For quickest results apply twice daily—at night before retiring after removing make-up. In the morning wash off with warm water, then cold water or ice. Then apply a little more Noxzema as a corrective foundation for powder. You'll have Noxzema working for you *all* the time—bringing new life, new beauty to your skin—the soft, smooth loveliness that you've longed for.

Special Trial Offer

Noxzema Cream is sold by all drug and department stores. If your dealer is out of Noxzema, take advantage of this special offer—fill out the coupon and send for a FREE 25c trial jar—enough for two weeks' treatment! Simply enclose 15c to cover cost of packing, mailing and handling.

Noxzema Cream Co.,
Ft. Worth, Md. Dept. 55.



Please send me a 25c FREE trial jar of Noxzema Cream—enough for at least two weeks' treatment. An enclosing 15c to cover cost of packing, mailing and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

It Pays to Be Mad

(Continued from page 73)

"Have some toast," he said pleasantly to one radio editor.
 "No thanks," said the editor.
 The waiter's attitude became belligerent. "Have some toast," he growled menacingly.
 And the timid editor took some toast.
 The waiter went to a more hard-bitten individual with the same offer.
 "No."
 "Have some toast," roared the waiter.
 "No!"

THE whole tray of toast described an arc through the air and crashed down on the hard-bitten one's lap. Toast covered his plate, his front, got in his vest pockets, in his hair. The dining-room was a bedlam. The other waiter came up on the run and tried to start a fight. Just when it seemed they would murder each other, they took off their coats and aprons and were introduced to the limp newspapermen as Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd.
 That was their introduction to New York. Hardly a common sense one, was it? But lordy, how well it worked.
 I could tell you a lot of other things about these men. About Budd's marriage between radio programs when he was making only a third as much money as his wife. About the Colonel's choice between the upholstered security of Buffalo's social set and the hazardous radio route he selected. About all the unconventional things they have done to get where they've got.
 But the point is already proved, isn't it? I mean, if the mad way has turned out to be the right way so many times for them, mightn't it turn out to be the right way for a lot of us a lot of times, too. I'm not sure, of course, but the next time somebody says to me, "Use your common sense," I think I'll deliberately go ga-ga just to see what happens. Even if it flops, if I get half as much fun out of making mad decisions as have Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, I can't lose.



No, he isn't a character out of a story book. This is Pappy of the Ozark Hill Billie Billies, NBC. Ezra, Zeke and Elton are the others.

EVERY DAY, more and more women are adopting Norforms as the easiest, most convenient and satisfactory form of feminine hygiene.
 Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate membranes and tissue—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours. Norforms contain Parahydrecin—a powerful new antiseptic developed

by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, makers of Unguentine. Parahydrecin kills germs, yet is harmless to tissue. There is no danger of an "over-dose" or "burn."
 Norforms are completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, and actually deodorizing. Many fastidious women use them for this purpose alone.

Send for booklet, "The New Way" by Dr. M. W. Stofer. It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today, 12 in a package, each individually foil wrapped.

NORFORMS

KNOWN TO PHYSICIANS AS VAG. FORMS

The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Dept. 115, Norwich, New York
 Please send me Dr. Stofer's Norform booklet in plain envelope. I want to know more about "The New Way" to safe, easy feminine hygiene.

Name _____
 Address _____



The Story Rubinoff Wouldn't Tell

(Continued from page 15)

solid foundation. The young Rubinoffs had everything in their favor. A great love for each other to start with. One common goal and interest: their music. And with Dave's status as an orchestra leader growing daily, there was not the usual money troubles that new couples generally have to combat. Oh, they were ideally matched and Dave Rubinoff felt that he was the happiest man in the world!

They were never apart. When Rubinoff went on tours, Dorothy went with him. On these tours Dorothy would stay at Dave's side to guide him. She was first and always a musician.

"Your violin is your first love," she once told him. "It must come before everything else. And never forget that."

AT rehearsals it was a familiar sight to see Dorothy sitting alone in the barren theatre, with eyes half shut as she listened to her gifted young husband pour out his love and happiness to her in the rich, emotional tones of his violin.

But the rigors of constant traveling were placing a terrific strain on Dorothy's frail health. So busy and happy were they that Rubinoff didn't notice the wan look on Dorothy's face—nor the tired, listless droop of her body. It was only when Dorothy collapsed one day at rehearsal and Rubinoff feverishly summoned a doctor, that he discovered the great strain and ordeal she had been undergoing.

The doctor shook his head. "Your wife is a very sick girl," he told the grief-stricken Rubinoff.

Through the long nights Rubinoff sat beside Dorothy, sat and watched her, his

(Continued on page 79)

Get the Clear, Lovely Skin Men Can't Resist!



CLARK GABLE AND CLAUDETTE COLBERT in "It Happened One Night," a Columbia Picture

Read How a Remarkable Pasteurized Yeast Ends Ugly Spots and Blemishes and Keeps the Skin Youthful and Alluring

A CLEAR, lovely skin, a fresh, radiant complexion, eyes that sparkle—have you these charms that win men's hearts? If not, try eating this new type, scientifically pasteurized yeast that is bringing beauty and vivacity to thousands of women.

Skin and complexion troubles, says medical science, are nearly always caused by constipation or a run-down, nervous condition. To combat these causes of bad skin you need to enrich your diet with certain nutritive elements. In many of our most common foods these elements are entirely lacking. Few people get enough of them for maximum health.

Yeast Foam Tablets contain concentrated stores of these corrective substances. These tablets are pure yeast and pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G.

These precious elements strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs. They fortify your weakened nervous system. Thus they aid in building the health and vivacity that make you irresistible to others.

These results you get with a food, not

a drug. Yeast Foam Tablets are nothing but pure yeast pressed into convenient, easy-to-take form. A scientific toasting process gives this yeast a delicious, nut-like flavor. It cannot cause gas or discomfort and it is always uniform.

This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Look and Feel Years Younger

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50¢. Get one today. Then watch the improvement in the way you feel and look. See how your friends note the change in your appearance.

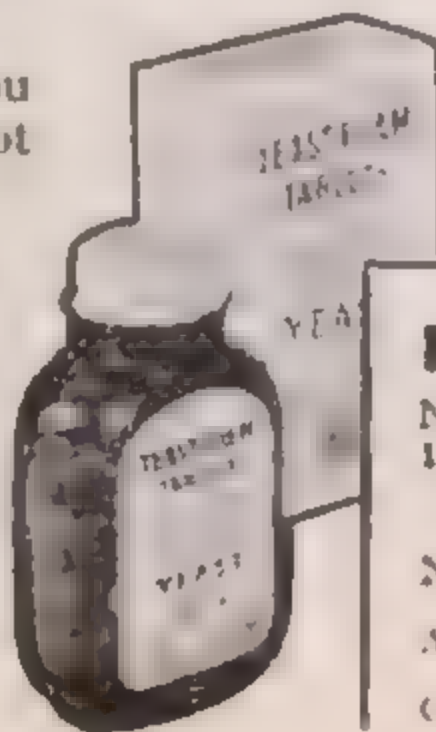
Thankful for clear skin again: "I certainly am pleased at the results Yeast Foam Tablets have given me. Before I started taking them my face looked terrible. Now it is beautiful. I can't thank you enough for the relief your yeast has afforded me."

OAKWOOD, WIS.

Not a blemish now: "My face used to be covered with pimples and freckles and I was ashamed to look from the street. I have now been taking Yeast Foam Tablets for three months. I have never looked better. I am so glad I found you. I am so glad I found you."

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Yeast Foam Tablets Stay Fresh for Months



FREE: MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Martha Mears landed in New York without a job, but in two weeks she had choice spots over NBC. Now she's singing on the Armour program.

The Story Rubinoff Wouldn't Tell

(Continued from page 77)

eyes wide with fear and misery. But even with all this love and solicitude she never pulled through. With her passing went a part of Rubinoff's heart.

Rubinoff thought that he would never be able to find love again. But with the passing of the years, the sorrow in his heart dulled a bit, and he gradually began to take an interest in the men and women about him. Dave realized how lonely he was—how incomplete his life was without a wife and home of his own. You must know Rubinoff's background to appreciate his feeling. Rubinoff is essentially a home man. It is part of his heritage. He comes of a large family that has always stuck closely together. He wanted a home girl—one with whom he could settle down. And he thought he found her in Ruth.

SHE was just the girl Rubinoff had been looking for, and he thought he would find happiness with her. But there was one disturbing element that neither had counted on: their worlds were too far apart. Ruth's life revolved around teas, bridges and sociables. Rubinoff was wrapped up in his music. Can't you just picture what happened?

Like a bolt out of the blue, came the showdown after several weeks of swift romance and marriage.

"You think more of your work than you do of me," Ruth wept. "Practising and rehearsing every minute you're away from the theatre! This can't go on. You must choose between your work and me!"

Rubinoff was astounded. Of course it wasn't Ruth's fault. But still—well, there was too wide a gap between them to ever heal. And with the situation put so bluntly before him, Rubinoff knew where his choice lay. They parted.

There was nothing to keep him in the middle west any longer. So Rubinoff left the scene that had given him so much heartbreak and headed for New York.

It was in New York that he finally scaled the heights of the music world where he is now so firmly entrenched. But if you think that Rubinoff found fame and success easy, just listen to this. He worked. He worked hard. Friends and outside interests were excluded from his life and he plunged into a strict, unrelenting schedule of hours and hours of intensive practise on his violin. There were four and five shows daily at the theatre besides his important role on the Chase and Sanborn radio hour. There was no time for parties and women.

BUT lately Rubinoff has begun to relax. He gave up his theatre work for a few weeks and accepted invitations to go to parties and to brilliant night clubs. And once again he is beginning to pick up the threads of romance. I have seen him in a smart New York restaurant looking into the eyes of his beautiful blonde companion.

(Continued on page 81)

The Smartest Women Use FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS

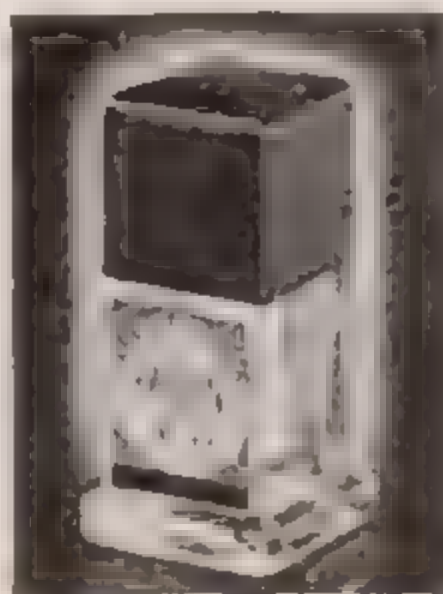


— yet they cost
ONLY 10¢

Even if you paid \$1 or more you could not buy finer quality beauty aids than Faoen. And here is the proof of that statement—from the report of a famous Research Laboratory:—

"Every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for \$1, \$2 and \$3."

And remember, you are not paying high prices for this high quality—Faoen Beauty Aids are but 10c. That is why the smartest women agree that Faoen has at last solved the cosmetic problem!



No. 44
**A New FAOEN
Perfume Triumph!**

This is an exact duplicate in fragrance of a popular and expensive imported perfume. You will marvel at this new perfume masterpiece—and its price of only 10c.

● **CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM
FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES**



PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

== 10¢ each at ==
the better 5 & 10¢ Stores


WHAT every woman wants in a nail polish you'll find in Drew Nail Polish. Easy to apply, dries on smoothly and evenly. Dries quickly, leaving a mirror-like finish that keeps brilliant beauty to suit her taste. Compare its lasting qualities with those of any other priced nail polish. We don't crack or peel. Drew Nail Polish comes in a beautiful dressing table box with smart hinkette cap. On sale at leading retail stores. Maxine Lombard, Inc., 1001 DuPont Way, St. Louis, Mo.



**Dew
Nail
Polish**

Size 8x10 inches
or smaller if desired.

47c



[illegible]

Programs Day by Day

WENB, KTD, WMO, WHP, WWO, WWT, WXX, WYB 8:00 MST—KOA,
KOH, KUI, KUL, 7:00 PST—KGO
KEL, E-V, KIM, KMQ
10:30 EST (C₂)—Conno Travel Adventures,
dramatic sketch, Irvin Talbot's Orchestra,
VIZ, WEL, WMA, WML, WMT, WOT,
KOKA, WVAR, WVA, WWA, WWA,
10:30 EST—WENB, KOH, 10:00 WENB,
KOH, WWA, WVA, WWT, WWA,
KEL, WVA, WEL, KIP, 8:30 MST
—KOA, KUL
10:15 PST (C₂)—Mert and Marge,
C₂—KOA, KUL
11:00 PST (C₂)—Venus 'n' Andy,
C₂—KOA, KUL

(April 5th, 1906, 1906, 1906 and 1906)

[illegible]

5:45 P.M. EST (P₄)—Little Orphan Annie.
 (New station) Mon-Fri
 6:00 P.M. EST (P₂)—Xavier Cugat's dinner music.
 (New station) Mon-Fri
 6:00 P.M. EST (P₂)—Buck Rogers.
 (New station) Mon-Fri
 6:00 P.M. EST (P₄)—Skippy.
 (New station) Mon-Fri
 6:15 P.M. EST (P₄)—Bobby Benson.
 (New station) Mon-Fri
 6:30 P.M. EST (P₂)—Jack Armstrong.
 (New station) Mon-Fri
 6:45 P.M. EST (P₄)—Novell Thomas.
 (New station) Mon-Fri
 7:00 P.M. EST (P₂)—Little Italy.
 (New station) Mon-Fri
 7:15 P.M. EST (P₂)—Little Orphan Annie.
 (New station) Mon-Fri
 7:45 P.M. EST (P₄)—Stamp Adventurers' Club.
 (Duggie Dinner.)
 MONDAY MONDAY MONDAY MONDAY MONDAY
 WEDNESDAY WEDNESDAY WEDNESDAY WEDNESDAY
 FRIDAY FRIDAY FRIDAY FRIDAY FRIDAY
 7:00 P.M. EST (P₂)—Amos 'n' Andy.
 (New station) Mon-Fri
 7:00 P.M. EST (P₄)—Mort and Marge.
 (New station) Mon-Fri
 7:15 P.M. EST (P₂)—Bill Kahlberg.
 (New station) Mon-Fri
 7:15 P.M. EST (P₂)—Just Plain Bill.
 (New station) Mon-Fri

7:30 EST (1₄)—The Mollie Show.
 (For stations see Monday.)

7:40 EST (1₄)—Silver Dust Serenaders.
 (For stations see Tuesday.)

7:40 EST (1₄)—Buck Rogers.
 (For stations see Wednesday.)

7:45 EST (1₄)—Bonke Carter.
 (For stations see Thursday.)

7:45 EST (1₄)—The Goldbergs.
 (For stations see Friday.)

**8:00 EST (1₄)—Body Valley; stage, screen
 and radio celebrities and Connecticut
 Yankees orchestra. (Fleischmann's Yeast.)**
 WJAZ WJSC WRIC WCAT WTCH
 WFAN WFLA WJAG WFTL WGGY
 WJAM WOPR WTLA WJAV WPTT
 WPEP WREN WWV WIOD WJAR
 WPRR 7:00 CST—WMAQ KSD WGT
 KSPD WMAL WEDN WSMI WTKR
 WUAB WVEE WDAY W-SM WCAT
 WHPK KTHS KYER WHO WGW
 WKYC WKYC KPD WTML WYOU on
 7:00 6:00 MST—KDYL KGA KTAR
 7:00 PST—KFI RGO KGW KOMO
 KHQ

**8:00 EST (1₄)—Cape Diamond Light. Salfy
 drama. (General Foods)**
 WJAZ WJZ WJZA WKPA

**8:30 EST (1₄)—Voice of America. Alex.
 under Gray and Mary Eastman. Under-
 wood singers and Nicholas Kemper's
 Orchestra with guest speaker. (Under-
 wood Elliot Fisher Co.)**
 WJBC WABC WGR WCAP WENH
 WHIP WJAN WFLA WFK WKAS
 WUSA WKBD WNAI WOOL WSTD
 KRM 7:00 CST KMIB KAKK
 WLM WPM WFS WWO

**8:30 EST (1₄)—Dr. Herman Bundesen's health
 adventures dramatized. (Horlick's.)**
 WJZ WLAI WJAM WJR WCAP
 KDYL 7:00 CST—WLS KOIL WREN
 KWK

**9:00 (1₄)—Maxwell House Show Boat. Cap-
 tain Henry (Charles Winninger), Lenny
 Ross, tenor Annette Hanshaw, blues
 singer, Conrad Tintault, baritone; Mol-
 lasses in January, comedy. Show Boat
 Band.**
 WCAP WTAG WECL WJAR WSSH
 WFL WFTL WP WGY WJFN
 WAF WJAM WWJ WSAT WBLA
 WWSN WWS WJAN WIOD WTLA
 WKYC 8:00 CST—WMAQ KSD WGT
 WIO WMO WDAP WTML WTDN
 WTO PST WAPT WSMI KTHS
 WKYC KPRO WCAT WSM WFTL
 K... KSD 7:00 MST—KTAR KGA
 KDYL 6:00 PST—RGO KFI KGW
 KOMO KHQ

**9:00 EST (1₄)—Death Valley Days Thrills
 in the American desert. (20 Mule Team
 Horax.)**
 WJZ WPZ WBAL WRZA WIF
 WJAM WIW KUKA WCAZ 8:00
 CST—WLS KOIL WREN KWK

9:30 EST (1₄)—Edith Duchon's Orchestra.
 (For stations see Thursday.)

9:30 EST (1₄)—Waring's Pennsylvanians.
 (For stations see Saturday.)

**10:00 EST (1₄)—Mamma! Ruby! Al Jolson's
 back with Deems Taylor, Paul Whiteman
 and his entourage. (Kraft Cheese.)**
 WJAZ WTAG WFLR WREN WWV
 WDP WJAN WFLA WOSH WPC
 WCAP WLV WNS WIOD WJAR
 WFT WGY WTAM WJVA WIS 9:00
 CST—KSD WMAQ WOT WHO WGW
 WSMR WCAP KPRO WTML KSTP
 WDAP WSM WDAY KEYR WKY
 WTHS KTHS WCAT WFLA WFTL
 8:00 MST—KGA KDYL 7:00—KOMO
 KGI KFI KGW KHQ

10:00 EST (1₄)—Glen Gray's Orchestra.
 (For stations see Thursday.)

10:45 EST (1₄)—Mert and Marge.
 (For stations see Monday.)

11:00 EST (1₄)—Amos 'n' Andy.
 (For stations see Monday.)

(April 6th, 18th, 30th and 22th.)

6:45-7:00-7:20-7:45-8:00 A.M. EST—Tower
Health Exercises.
(The stations on Monday)
8:30 EST (12)—Chorus.
(The stations on Monday)
9:00 EST (14)—The Mystery Chef.
WJZ and a radio network. Station not
available.
10:15 EST (14)—Clara, Lu 'n' Em.
(The stations on Monday)
10:15 EST (14)—Bill and Ginger. Songs and
patter. (C. F. Mueller Co.)
WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC
WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC
WABC WABC WABC
10:30 EST (14)—Today's Children.
(The stations on Monday)
10:45 EST (14)—Betty Crocker. Cooking
talk. (General Mills.)
WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC
WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC
WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC
WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC
9:45 EST—KYW KSD, WOL, KSD,
KTHS WOI WBY WOL, WBC
KTHS WOI

 $\{(\langle \text{cog}_0 \rangle, \langle \text{cog}_1 \rangle) \in \text{floc}(\mathcal{A})\}$

The Story Rubinoff Wouldn't Tell

(C : 1990 : 20 : 10)

And I remember seeing him in a
- in a super club, drinking and talk-
- a creamy-eyed someone who liked to
be arm

There is a decided "Indiana" and "Kentucky" fascination. He has dark, brilliant eyes and a nervous, dynamic energy. He speaks with a slight "Kentucky" accent which was not "farming," and which not nearly so indicates as his impersonations of the "farm" might imply.

But now the girl who seems to have won Rubenoff's attention—the love object is a statuesque blonde dancer who has appeared in several New York shows. And friends of Rubenoff who have seen the fiery, dark-haired girl with the live-in girl on so many occasions are beginning to wonder if the couple won't patch up the altar together. I asked Rubenoff but he just shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

I wish I could write a happy ending to this. I wish I could tell you that Ruth and me at last found another Doctor to share his present glory. But I can't. He is still looking for her.

Meet the Sinclair Minstrels

16. 10. 1941. 10. 1941. 10. 1941. 10. 1941.

There are five collections from all over the Americas. There is a lovely record of a beautiful collection of African art, part of that collection comes from the Smithsonian people the right to put on an ancient treasure show of their own. Regoons, some very amazing places. One, for instance, from the Maracaibo Country Club of Caracas, Venezuela. And from a Sunday School class in Guatemala. Oh, a high school in Mahoning City, Pennsylvania.

Rotary club in Verona, Pennsylvania, an American Legion Post in Reidsville, North Carolina, the Victorian Order of Nurses in Cornwall, Canada, the Canadian Legion, Canadian Women's Institute clubs, all in the image of the greater Soldier's game.

It gives you an idea, doesn't it? That day of God Child's is coming on. People I up and down this cracked hemisphere're getting the ministerial itch. And some of our best people are beginning to feel "more religion on."

Don't waste time and temper twisting your radio dial hunting good programs—see RADIO STARS' Board of Review each month.

What Jo-curr Did for "Discouraged JANE"

1 I'M MISERABLE .
I LOVE JACK
BUT I DON'T SEEM TO
REALLY ATTRACT HIM .
I MUST LACK A LOT
— OF SOMETHING —

DON'T BE SILLY.
YOU'RE SIMPLY A
LITTLE CARELESS
WITH YOUR HAIR
ESPECIALLY. WHY
DON'T YOU TRY
— K-CUR? —

**Try This New Waring
Method Tonight**

THERE is now a remarkable preparation you can buy at any toilet goods counter with which you can fingerwave your own hair perfectly for 5c . . . It is called JO-CUR Wave-er . . . It is the very same French invention noted stage and screen stars use to give their hair the alluring waves you admire so much.

Instead of paying \$2 or more to an expensive hairdresser, try this remarkable discovery yourself. All you do is just wet your hair with JO-CUP and then with a comb and your own fingers you set your hair in to perfect waves! It is so simple that . . . you can have the most becoming and glamorous hair—*"Daddy" style*—the attractiveness of your hair in this easy way!

Remember that JOL-CLIP is different from any other wave-set known. It has a *quicker*

2 SHE TRIES IT!

THIS IS THE MOST
BELOWING WAVE I
EVER HAD AND TO
THINK THAT I COST
ONLY ABOUT 56 CENTS
JO-CUR!
HOPE JAC
LIKES IT
TONIGHT

YOU LOOK WONDER-
FUL! . . . AND LOVELY
HAIR IS IRRESISTIBLE
— TO ALL MEN! —

3 THAT NIGHT-WITH JACK

DARLING, YOUR HAIR
IS SIMPLY GORGEOUS
TONIGHT I COULD SIMPLY
EAT YOU UP! YOU
HAVE A WONDER-
FUL HAIRDRESSER!

THANKS, JACK
DEAR! I WAVED
IT MYSELF, WITH
— JO-CUR!

seal base—which eliminates all stickiness, all gumminess, and will not leave white flakes in the hair. And a JO-CUR wave lasts 7 full days. Try one today. You can get JO-CUR at any drug or department store and at the Joe stores.



Jo-cuŕ
Pronounced "Jokers"
WAVESET

GLAMOUR!
ROMANCE!
BIG MONEY!
BROADCASTING

offers you these
and more

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YOU ARE THE
A BIG PAYING
GIVE ME A DOLLAR
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AND A DOLLAR
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ACTOR

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The Fighting Priest

(Continued from page 51)

to fame, power and nation-wide notice

ONE July night in 1926 a frantic message was screamed over the telephone wires to Father Coughlin's home

"Come quickly. Your church is burning down"

With fear of disaster clutching at his heart, the husky priest sprinted down the road. Nearing the church, he saw black figures silhouetted in shifting antics against a brilliant background of a flaming cross. His friendly neighbors were beating out a fiery message of warning the Ku Klux Klan had planted dangerously close to his church

At that moment, Father Coughlin's spirit underwent a marvelous transformation. He was no longer a humble disciple of the church. He was the fighting priest. He wanted to cry out to the whole world that bigotry was threatening the free religious thought of the country. Such was his fervor that he had little difficulty in convincing Bishop Gallagher of Detroit that he should have a WJR microphone in the Shrine of the Little Flower.

The bishop not only gave his consent, but also furnished preliminary financial support. To this fact the defenders of Father Coughlin point when critics assert that even his own church is against him

True enough, but did Bishop Gallagher have any suspicion of what his support could ultimately lead to? It is doubtful. And today his support of the priest seems at best less fervent than at that time.

"Father Coughlin has preached no heresy," is what Bishop Gallagher says now. "... I shall not interfere"

There you have the fundamentals behind whatever spiritual intent of purpose the priest may have. What now, of his material interests? What are the bases for sections that he uses for those journalistic stratagems to arouse the people's interest?

He has an advantage over Mr. Hearst boring into the public consciousness. His ver-tongued "Golden Hour" oratory is far more arresting than a 72-point, eight column streamer on paper the color of a emise. People will listen when they will not read. Furthermore, many of his listeners are people to whom the deciphering of a news item is a decidedly painful process

FATHER COUGHLIN never fails to measure the tempo of his speeches and rations by the pulse of the populace. Early 1932, when the impending election made eminent newspaper subjects of Herbert Hoover and his henchmen, he preached a sermon entitled "Hoover Prosperity Breeds War." He named Morgan, Mellon, Mills, and Meyer, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." He attacked big bankers, communism, socialism, inflation, fascism and the uneven distribution of wealth. In each instance, he displayed a penmanship for stirring subjects which at the moment held the public in a tense grip.

though Father Coughlin's spiritual sm-

(Continued on page 85)



New Life
FOR
DULL HAIR

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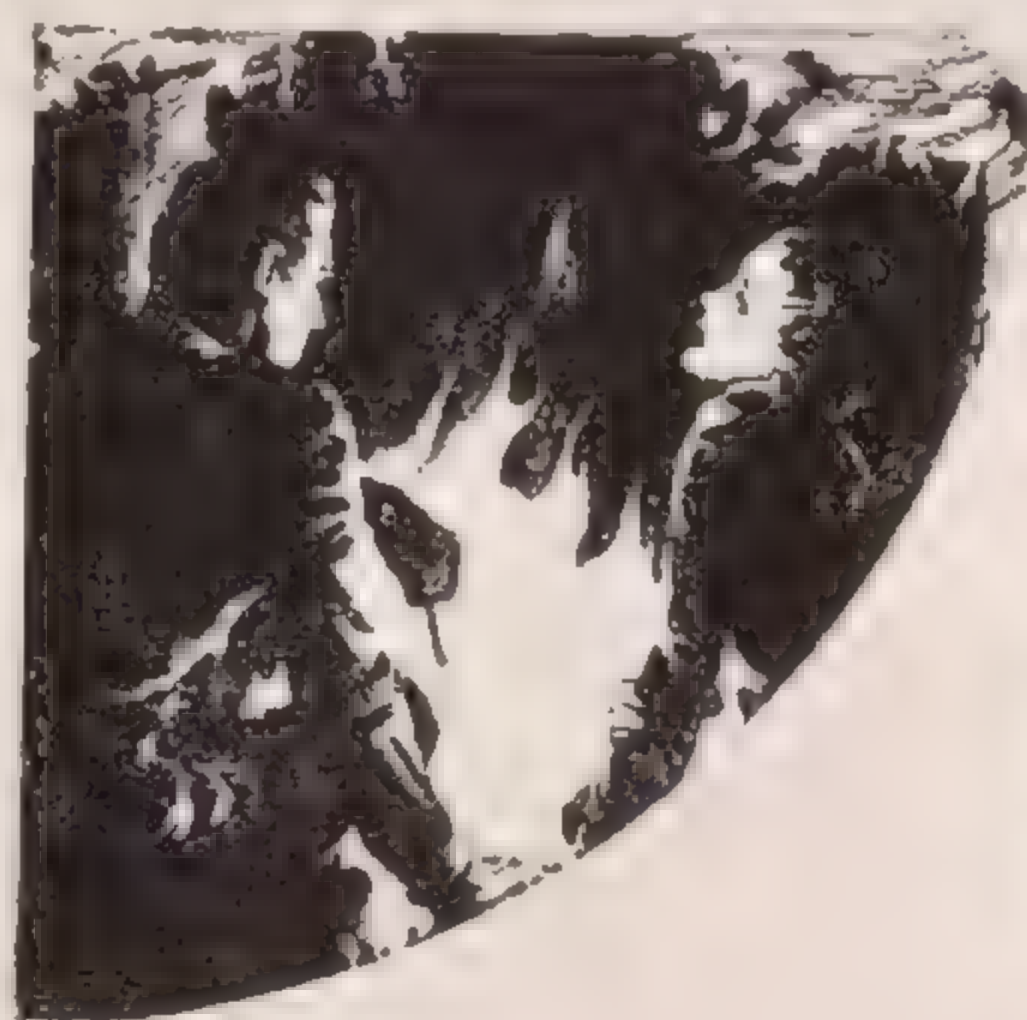




GLAMOROUS HAIR! Every woman can have it ... by simply using Colorinse in the shampoo wash. This harmless vegetable compound ... neither a dye nor a bleach ... adds alluring color tints to the hair and makes it sparkle with a soft, shimmering youthful lustre and loveliness. 12 natural tints ... choose your color and stop fretting about faded or lifeless hair.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY, New York

10¢ at all 5 and 10c Stores and Beauty Shops. Nestle Colorinse, SuperSet, Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo



Romance . .

to the stuttering music of Sixguns

(She came to him that night, and the fire formed their own sweet world.)

A RATHER wistful expression came into Christine Thayer's violet-blue eyes as, hesitating in the open doorway of Baldy Rawson's general store, she glanced up from her own worn boots to the pair of new, fancy-stitched ones displayed on the counter. For an instant her gaze shifted from the new boots to the tall, young stranger who was sitting on a bale of lariat rope in the back of the little store. But it returned as quickly, for the latter's dark eyes were still focused upon her—unwaveringly so.

"Sageland Serenade" is the title of Cliff Walters' new Western novelette, appearing in the May WESTERN ROMANCES.

Buy a copy today and relive the glamor of the old West where love is lived fiercely and passions of hate and greed and lust blend with the rush of galloping hoofs.

WESTERN ROMANCES
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But I Won't...Thanks to TUMS"

ONCE a party like that—with a big meal—would have given me heartburn, probably lasting for hours, spoiling my whole day. But not now! For I am one of the millions who have learned about Tums. I just eat three or four of those delightful candy-like mints after meals or whenever sour stomach, heartburn, gas, threaten to make me uncomfortable. Tums contain no soda or water soluble alkalies, only soothing insoluble antacids that pass all undissolved and inert when the acid conditions are corrected. Only 10c at any drug store.

Free Beautiful new gold and blue 1964 Chevrolet
transmission. A beautiful THRU THE AIR /
and more... also... always... to a 50
to 100 miles per hour... 100... 100...

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID...
NOT ALKALINE

TUMS STOMACH DISCOMFORT 10¢

SEND TO: TUMS

For a laxative use the safe dependable Vegetable
Laxative **NR** Nature's Remedy Only 25 cents **NR**

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4th year graduates Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, (on Michael), Fred Astaire, Zsa Zsa, Mary Pickford, Alice Joyce etc. Drama, Romance, Musical comedies, Opera. Teachers' courses and personal development culture. Stage, Talking Pictures, Broadcasting teaching and play directing. Appearances while learning. Always Theater and Student Stock Players. We See's Radar, 16 West 40th St., New York.

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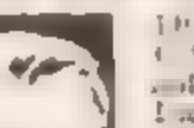
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Programs Day by Day

$$(C_{n+1}^{\text{odd}}(f) - C_{n+1}^{\text{even}}(f))^2$$
7.30 EST (L₂)—Silver Dust senders.

8:00 P.M. (1/2)—Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood (Gordon)

8:00-8:30 minutes.—Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky conducting.

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

9:40 P.M. (22)—Donald Davis, tenor; Frances Langford, blues singer; Arthur Brown, vocalist; William Davis, Jr., Melody Boys Trio; Don Vaghies orchestra; Brad Browne, master of ceremonies. (Colgate)

Team East (4)—Jamboree Variety show with Don McNeill, master of ceremonies, Harold Stokes Orchestra; The Huddlingbarns, comedy team, King's Jesters, Morin Sisters; Mary Steele, soprano; Edward Devereaux, baritone.

12:00 PM WYAT WYAT WYAT WYAT
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 12:00 AM WYAT WYAT WYAT WYAT

[illegible]

MST=FOA F507L 6 00 PST-K...

15. NSF (4) — Alexander Wendt
W.A.F. and L. E. ...

On 1ST (a)—Saturday Night Terraplane Party, B. A. Rolfe's Orchestra, Moe About Town Trio, and the unbelievable Mr. Rolfe.

[illegible]

(10) $\text{FST}(\text{C}_{12}) = \text{Vote}_n$ from Antirethe

Notes of the Bird Expedition.
(General Foods' Grape Nuts)

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| WAGS | WALD | WALL | WALLS | WALLS |
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W. S. 40, WOLF + WOLFF, WOLFF + K. 1, 5

7-000 PST=ELBY, WLOA K-E-L
KOMA KELD KTHI K-A, MA
WFOU, WFOU, WOZ, WFL, WI
WSPF, WFSB, WCHN, WFAO, WFTS
WGLL, WFLC 8-000 MST KUZ, K-L
7-000 PST=ELBY, KELD K-B, K-M

40-181 (4)—National Road, Dunes, Beach

Key: (Dr. Miles Laboratories.)
WIZ WIAL WIAL WIZ WIZ
WIZ WIZ WIZ WIZ WIZ
9-30 (ST WLS KUBR KS) KWA
WLEN KUL

Strictly Confidential

CC cleared from page 50.

PHILLS ex-valet, by the by, is now an ex-comey. Phil caught the boy pawn-ing clothes, tools and even spare accor-dions from the Baker house hold in order to raise money for the races.

His new valet, a colored boy who follows Phil like a pup, is now rooming the halls of Radio City on an artist's ploy. Most radio artists have their valets at home. But not Phil. This was a new ploy, for the radio leg was. The only way out was to give him the same kind of card that the kings and queens of the new art use to get by the guards.

CHEERIO followers might like to know that the man behind that bright voice is a tired business man just like the rest of us. On the air and in the studios he's known only as Cheerio and he's heard but seldom seen. On the air, he is Charles K. Field, an executive of the American Rubber Company of New York City. He's about 55 years old, tall and slim, wears glasses, and his hair is beginning to streak with gray.

Cheerio started broadcasting in California about seven years ago. He came to the National Broadcasting Company in 1928. Few people know it, but he is a personal friend of former President Herbert Hoover. It is an odd coincidence that he became a national radio character at the same time that Hoover became president, both moved East at the same time.

SOME things we've heard: Arlene Jackson is just about NBC's best dressed girl. Her mother sends her clothes from Toronto . . . That if radio was to select an "IT" girl, the answer would go to Harriet Hilliard of CBS and NBC . . . That Lowell

That man spends less time in the studios than any other performer. Sometimes he comes to the studio only fifteen seconds before he begins his program, which gives the control engineers the piters . . . Mrs. Penelope Feather, who is on that new AC Spark Plug program on NBC, is really Mrs. Adeline Thomson, wife of an army officer in Washington, D. C. . . That Lanny Ross' new movie, "Me'ody in Spring," ought to be playing your local theatres before many weeks. No, we do not yet know when Lanny is returning to New York.

HAL TOTTEN (NBC), Pat Flanagan (CBS) and Bob Elson (WGN) will hardly be called radio baseball critics this season; perhaps not even commentators. They'll do straight reporting, or else— On the fence all winter over the merits of baseball broadcasting Chicago clubs finally decided to return to the air this season—but only after they had been given extensive powers of censorship and a promise of live free announcements every day before the game from each station putting the game on the air. There may be nothing unfavorable about umpire's decisions, foul balls hitting the customer or bad weather. Nothing may be said that could possibly be interpreted as informing the folks that listening to a baseball broadcast is just as good as seeing the game. All the broadcasters yielded because the baseball shows have been sponsored for a half dozen seasons.

JOHN MARTIN, juvenile director of NBC is to be introduced by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt when he speaks at the annual dinner of the national convention of the Parent-Teacher Associations in Washington, D. C., April 17.

The Fighting Priest

(Continued from page 83)

cerity may be questioned. His thoroughness in working out his campaigns is undeniable. Admirers who have influence in this country spend hours in conference with him. In Washington he has a staff of confidential investigators, among them a former Hearst newspaperman named Jack Deckerty.

Two of his regular advisers are New York financial experts who don't think of money in the terms that the rest of Wall Street does. They are George L. LeBlanc, once a vice-president of the Equitable Trust Company, later an investment counsellor. The second is Robert M. Harris, a commodity broker. They now work in Detroit aiding the Reverend Coughlin in his battle to support the Roosevelt dollar. Mr. LeBlanc, incidentally, is one of the twelve men in America, who, in the opinion of Professor Fisher of Yale, really understand money.

Father Coughlin's conscientiousness seems limitless. According to "Fortune" magazine, he leaves his home at half past six every morning to say early mass. Returning home for breakfast, he is in his office by eight-thirty, spending the rest of the day in concentrated work. Friday evenings, he disappears into his office, locks the door on himself and "Pat," his Great Dane, and doesn't reappear until Sunday morning. During that time he prepares three sermons—one for the regular Sunday attendance, a second for a children's service and the third his talk for the "Golden Hour." He prepares his meals himself during this period, on an old cookstove, a relic of the poorer days of the parish when it was used to make hot dishes for the church societies.

THERE you have a picture of his working tactics. Now, you may ask,



This great big success, Jack Denny, conducts his orchestra over both CBS and NBC. Heard from Hotel Pierre, NBC and over "Marvelous Melodies," CBS.

FIND THE FILM FUN READER!



Hidden in the above picture is a regular reader of **FILM FUN**.

Test your powers of observation, see if you can find him. After practicing on this picture you will have no difficulty in locating other readers of this hilarious magazine. Perhaps, in your own circle of friends you've noticed someone whose digestion is always good . . . whose smile never wears off.

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Dancing nightly in the **NEW CONTINENTAL GRILL**. And the only **RUMPELMAYER'S** in America.

what is all this leading to? What is his real purpose? Is all the money which pours into his palpit employed to the best advantage of the people he defends?

It is rather interesting to note that while Father Coughlin asserts that he has never asked his listeners for one cent of money, the "Golden Hour" program is opened with announcements generally worded somewhat as follows:

"This hour has been made possible for the past seven years by the outstanding financial support of the radio audience."

Whether or not this is construed as a bid, directly or indirectly, for contributions, it certainly has been effective. It has been estimated that he receives \$500,000 a year in gifts.

What happens to this money?

In the first place, his radio bill is heavy. Last year it amounted to some \$380,000. He has to support his large clerical staff and corps of information gatherers. The large stone church in Royal Oak, which

is expected to cost a million dollars, is in the process of construction.

Charles Edward Coughlin has cried:

"... the laborer stands in the hall of Pontius Pilate, his brow crowned with the thorns of worry, his body bruised with the stripes of misfortune and usury."

If the fighting priest is sincere in this belief, if he really is the champion of the homeless thousands who roam the country, should he be spending this money in building such an expensive church? Shouldn't he help provide the shelter that those lost souls need so tragically?

That is for you to decide. You study these significant facts which have been set down here. Mold them and shape them impersonally, without bias, for regardless of your opinion of Reverend Charles Edward Coughlin, he is a man with a strong grip on the controls of your fate.

(This is the first of a series of three articles on Father Charles Edward Coughlin.)

At Last! The Truth About Fay and Rudy

(Continued from page 22)

Here is something you should know. Rudy's parents never wanted him to marry Fay. I think it broke the mother's heart that Rudy went against her desires. She died, you know, just a few days after her son's wedding.

During some of Fay's visits in New York before her marriage to Rudy, he arranged for her to stay with an old friend of his. And now this old friend tells him all the things she did not tell him before knowing of his great love for his wife, unwilling to hurt him, and fearful of losing his friendship.

In vain this old friend of Rudy's argued with Fay Webb that she must not carry on an intrigue with Gary Leon while she was in her home. That same friend now confesses that when Rudy broadcast she used to jot down the names of his numbers so that Fay might at least pretend she had been interested enough to listen.

FAY WEBB VALLEE seems to have been all too apt when she referred to herself as "an occasional wife." And what a profitable occupation being an occasional wife will prove if the court should set aside her present financial arrangement with Rudy and grant her instead even a part of what she asks, namely:

- \$ 500. For servants
- \$2000. For clothes
- \$1000. For household expenses
- \$ 200. For a secretary
- \$ 150. For a masseuse
- \$3650. For sundries

O: \$7500. 1 month!

It was on Friday, January 13th, 1933, that Rudy left New York to fill an engagement in Albany. At seven o'clock, a few hours after his departure, Gary Leon arrived at the Vallee home to remain there until six the next morning.

Told of this upon his return by a friend

who was living in the house, Rudy continued to feel doubt that anything was really wrong. He knew Gary Leon as Fay's friend. Why, Fay often had told him how Gary came to her with his love affairs, how she sympathized, how she gave him advice. To place any other interpretation upon their friendship seemed too ridiculous.

However there was one thing in this connection that did concern Rudy. Fay never mentioned Gary's visit to him. And thus he thought odd. This he thought strange. This finally found him listening to his brother more willingly than ever before.

"I can't come to your home any more, Rudy," his brother told him. "I can't bear to watch Fay, tears in her eyes, protesting how much she loves you when I know the things she does the minute your back is turned."

"I'm not asking you to believe anything I tell you. I'm not asking you to believe what anybody else says. All I want you to do is give me permission to furnish you with proof of her unfaithfulness."

It was then that Rudy permitted his brother to set up an instrument called the Speakaphone, an instrument which records the sounds it catches on phonograph records. It was attached in an unused maid's room equipped with an extension telephone.

I do not doubt that Rudy hoped the records obtained of Fay's telephone conversations would prove her completely innocent of any serious wrongdoing, guilty of a mild flirtation perhaps, but nothing more.

The first recordings he heard did not please him. But neither did they, to his mind, verify the accusations which were reaching him more and more frequently. He was hurt, undoubtedly. And his trust was shaken. But immediately he placed a large share of the blame at his own feet. He had been working very hard and at

all hours. And he felt he could understand how, under these circumstances, a beautiful woman might grow lonely and be flattered by the attentions and love-making of another man.

It was March thirty-first, about ten weeks later, that Rudy left New York to play at "The Black Cat" in Delaware. From a previously recorded telephone conversation he knew Fay planned to visit Gary Leon in his dressing-room at Loew's Paradise Theatre that same afternoon.

Late that night when he returned to the city his brother met him at the train. With him he had a record of the telephone conversation Fay Webb Vallee had had with Gary Leon after spending two hours with him at the theatre. It was this record, a transcript of which has not appeared in any newspaper and is not likely to appear in any newspaper, that made it impossible for Rudy to return to his home. It was this record which convinced him, to his great unhappiness, that his wife was more than merely amusing herself with a harmless flirtation, that she was guilty of wrongdoing. It was this record which corroborated all those whispers that he had, until that minute, refused to heed.

There was no point in Rudy going to Fay. She could hardly deny her own voice. So he went to the home of his lawyer where he telephoned Chief Webb at Santa Monica, California.

"I want you to come to New York on the first possible train. At my expense," he told his father-in-law. "A serious situation has arisen between Fay and me and I want you here before anything further is done about it."

Could any man be fairer than this?

It was, you see, with her father to guide and advise that Fay Webb Vallee signed the separation agreement which she now insists was obtained through fraud.

Let me run over the details of that agreement, an agreement I find amazingly generous to Fay Webb everything considered.

Under it, she turned over to Rudy her half interest in their California home. This sounds as if she were giving Rudy something for nothing, doesn't it? Let me explain. There is a \$40,000 first mortgage on that house. Taxes and interest amount to over \$5,000 a year. Under the old arrangement, she was obligated to pay half of this. Under the new, she was relieved of this, Rudy taking up the entire burden. And say, if you want to buy a Hollywood home, I've got it on good authority that Rudy would be delighted to sell that house (worth far more than the mortgage, of course) for exactly \$40,000.

Under this agreement, Fay is provided with one hundred dollars a week for the rest of her life, or until she remarries.

Under it, both Rudy and Fay agree not to talk of their married life.

It gives both Fay and Rudy complete personal freedom in so far as other men and women are concerned.

It permits Fay Webb Vallee to do motion picture, stage, or radio work providing only that this work does not depict any scene which purports to be from her life with Rudy or commercialize their marriage in any way.

The afternoon this agreement was signed Fay and her father left the office of Rudy's lawyer with the papers and were absent approximately a half hour. It seems likely that they consulted another attorney. In any event they returned ready to sign.

It was three days later as she was leaving for California with her father that Fay was served with papers for alienation of Gary Leon's affections by Kathleen Smythe, a girl who apparently has clamored upon him as his common law wife. Thereafter at every station Fay abused her husband for the education of the reporters waiting to see her. She apparently blamed him for this suit. Although obviously had Rudy wanted anything like this, had he not wished to avoid all the unpleasantness possible, there was nothing in the world to stop him from serving Gary Leon with similar papers.

Weeks passed. Fay Webb received her check for one hundred dollars regularly.

Then Rudy wrote asking her to return. He wanted to forget and forgive. He didn't want the past to reach greedily, malforming fingers into the future. He felt Fay had been young and foolish. He had, he knew, been very busy. Possibly at times he had neglected her. And women set such great store by little gallantries and attentions. He hoped they both would be wiser after their heart-breaking lesson.

It was Rudy's lawyer who finally urged him to introduce the practical provision into this sentimental interlude. He had Rudy insist, that if Fay Webb Vallee did return and things failed to work out, that their original separation agreement was to stand.

I understand Fay Webb was willing to return. But not upon this condition.

A woman who truly loves her husband will return to him without seeking any further advantage. However, perhaps you feel with me, that talk of a woman who loves her husband is at this time inconsequential, irrelevant, and beside the point.

Unfortunately, and embarrassingly enough for Rudy, the injunction papers in which Fay Webb asks that he be restrained from seeking a divorce and that the financial arrangement which gives her that paltry five thousand dollars a year be set aside, were served upon him just as he was leaving for California to star in a motion picture of the "Scandals." Aware of how the publicity attendant upon this action might jeopardize their screen career, not to mention other things, many men in Rudy's position would have offered a compromise. But Rudy didn't. He stood up and took it.

Then, pressing him further, other papers were served upon him while he was in California. They were sealed. The contents it was said were too sensational to be made public. Again Rudy stood up and took it.

"With the Judge's permission," he told the press, "I'll open those papers. I am not afraid of any charges they may contain."

In those papers, you'll remember, Rudy was accused of adultery. And, right or wrongly, the name of Alice Faye, who has

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that LASTS LONGER because IT SOAKS IN DEEPER

THERE'S a lovely golden glow to curtains dipped in French Ecrú Rit that brightens the whole house—gives it a cheery "sunshiny" quality. And the color lasts in a way that will amaze you if you're used to ordinary dyes that run in the wash and fade or streak in the sun.

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A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10¢. At Kresge's

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MARY T. GOLDMAN
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worked with him was drawn through the mud that Fay Webb Vallee might have a better chance of receiving not five thousand, but ninety thousand a year from the famous crooner to whom she gave a year or two of her life. *More or less.*

IN asking that her present financial arrangement with Rudy be set aside and claiming it was obtained by fraud, Fay Webb Vallee insists she signed it because she was falsely convinced that Rudy was broke. This, to me, seems ridiculous. Surely she knew the tremendous remuneration he receives weekly from his various contracts. Surely she was acquainted with the terms of his trust fund.

If Rudy had wished to defraud her, is it likely that he would have summoned her father to protect his daughter's interests? Is it likely that he would have waited four days for her father to arrive before asking her to sign an agreement? If there had been fraud, is it likely that she would have signed each page of the agreement and that he, too, would have signed each page as witness? These things don't smack of deceit and deception to me.

I believe Fay Webb Vallee accepted the terms of this arrangement in the beginning because, confronted by the irrefutable accusation of her own voice and not daring to hope her husband still loved her, she was very glad to have the financial security and ease that fifty-two hundred dollars a year represents in any part of

the world. It is no small sum of money.

I believe further that it was only later, given evidence that Rudy continued to love her in spite of everything, that she determined to follow up her advantage, confident now that he would not humiliate her by the presentation of those records without which obviously, he would have been obliged, at least, to effect some compromise.

APPLAUD, heartily, the Baltimore Evening Sun for the editorial they published in connection with this Fay Webb-Rudy Vallee case. It says:

"The ire of the country is considerably aroused over the situation and immediate reforms have been demanded through the press to end this sordid practice of allowing a certain demi-mondaine class of women in the United States to make a business of marriage for divorce revenue.

Ironically enough, however, I think that in this new action Fay Webb Vallee has done Rudy the greatest favor it lay within her power to do him. She disillusioned him. She has torn the emotional gauze through which he has always seen her from his eyes. She finally and at last has killed the love he has borne her through everything. She has released him from the emotional thralldom into which he entered over three years ago when he first met her.

All of which is what Rudy's many friends have been wishing right along that they could do for him.

The Dramatic Story of WOR

(Continued from page 36)

Here was where ingenuity made its entrance in the person of Alfred J. McCosker, now director and general manager of the station, then a clever columnist of the air whose facility in creating new ideas makes one think of a well bred press agent. "Hollywood" McCosker, they call him for he has probably introduced more screen stars on the air than any other man. Charles Chaplin, Richard Barthelmess, Marion Davies, Charles Ray, Conrad Nagle and Gloria Swanson were all brought to the microphone for the first time by Mr. McCosker.

Time and again he displayed his resourcefulness in persuading famous people to appear. William Jennings Bryan, considered the most able orator of his time, had to be introduced three times before he could gulp down the lump of fear and get out some words.

Charley Chaplin refused McCosker at first. Not that he objected to broadcasting without recompense. It was just that Charley didn't want to hurt the Chaplin character. McCosker persisted.

"All right," Chaplin finally said, "if you can think up a stunt which is truly Chaplinesque, I'll go on."

"Fair enough," answered McCosker. "Here's what you do. First you say 'I'll play the saxophone for you.' The sax player will do a bar or so. Then you say, 'Now I'll play the trumpet for you.' The cornetist will do a few tootles. You go through the whole orchestra that way.

Then you say, 'Now I'll play them all together.' Then the orchestra will play all together."

Chaplin went on. That, McCosker says, was the origin of that now threadbare radio stunt.

BUT a sense of humor wasn't all that made WOR what it is today. Some of those broadcasts required mighty quick thinking and considerable courage.

One night in 1923 an SOS crackled through a howling winter gale. A ship at sea was in distress. To clear the air for communication with the ship, all broadcast stations on the Eastern seaboard were ordered to shut down on transmission.

J. R. Poppele, chief engineer of WOR, sat in the tiny transmitter room talking with a friend, a secret service man who worked with the Navy Department. The telephone bell interrupted them.

"Listen," an excited voice was crying. "I live over in Westfield, New Jersey. There's some kind of airship cruising over my house. I can't see her but I can hear her engines. The storm's so bad we think she's lost her bearings."

Poppele told his friend the story. "By gosh!" said the agent. "I'll bet it's the Shenandoah broken loose from her mooring at Lakehurst."

He grabbed the phone and called the Lakehurst Commandant. The secret service.

(Continued on page 99)

His Smile Reaches From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 33)

But I didn't," Ev laughed. And he hasn't stopped yet. Singing and music have remained a dominant interest through the years, an interest that enabled him to forgo the symphonies of toppling pins in the bowling alley, where as a youth, he was singing them up nights. Ultimately he was to become commentator on NBC's broadcasts of the Chicago Grand Opera Company. Everett jumped into radio on a dare, his friends think. But Everett visioned possibilities in this new field and was able to sing (gratis) on old WDAP (now WGN). When WENR opened he put in a year for a job. Here he got his first cash for radio work, but he hung on to his job at an insurance office—worked both for nearly a year from eight in the morning until three the next. Made station manager, he left insurance flat and settled down to a "soft" berth of 16 hours a day singing, announcing, "running gain" for an engineer, selling advertising and sweepstakes. When the Commonwealth Edison Company bought WENR, Ev went along as chief announcer. His jolly voice and genial personality were just what was wanted for their new children's program, and the show, "Air Juniors," put on with Irma Glen, the organist, was a cinch for Everett. Under his able direction it ran weekdays afternoons for more than five years—and went off the air only after the full empire crashed. Unlike so many dull and chill shows for youngsters, "Air Juniors" fostered appreciation of music, mathematics, verse and nature, promoted creative endeavor and put over a valuable health program. Without the lure of prizes, yet more than 380,000 youngsters entered and participated in this program. To this young American legion Everett Mitchell's word is still law, though the show has been off the air two years. He gets stacks of letters every week from these young followers, many of them seeking his advice as they now make their own start in life. Loyalty to these youngsters keeps him from going on the air for products, though perfectly O. K. for adults, he feels he can't endorse for children. He's a positive person and there are things he positively won't do. He has standards and he won't compromise with them. That costs money, but it has won him a fortune in fine affection and high regard among youngsters and their parents.

Of his many assignments he likes his association with the Farm and Home for the best. Broadcast during the noon hour over an NBC net of 54 stations, this colorful show of music, comedy, education and conservation probably has the biggest following of any among farm folk. A paradox, isn't it, that a city bred chap should make his forte on this program aimed at rural regions and that country people should go in such a big way for a metropolitan as their master of ceremonies? That's not such an apt term, because Mitchell never stands on ceremony. Probably why he's such a success on this program. The stiff shirt business doesn't

appeal to him. He has long felt that too many announcers assume a character on the air that is not their own. He talks to his listeners directly as genial, sunny Ev Mitchell, thereby conveying that "I'm just one of you" feeling.

His heart is as big as the world. I believe he has a deep and sincere feeling for the brotherhood of men, the real spirit of service. He has a particularly warm feeling for the handicapped, the underprivileged—as he puts it—"anybody who has two strikes on him." He was the announcer delegated to introduce Mrs. Roosevelt on the air when she visited the World's Fair. Naturally he felt honored. And as he recalled high spots in his career he dwelled particularly on the fact that when Negro day was held at the Fair the colored folks called on him to act as master of ceremonies for their program.

In the back of his mind he has a dream of establishing a hospital some day where crippled children may be made whole again. When he was a youngster his legs did double duty for himself and an invalid sister. Ever since he has been a man of sympathy and understanding.

EVERETT'S varied radio activities reflect both his many-sidedness and the breadth of his appeal. He does duty as a regular staff announcer for NBC but there are other programs. The difficult role of narrator for the opera broadcasts was assigned him because of a combination of factors; his erudition in music, his experience on the concert stage, his friendly, engaging personality as an announcer.

As master of ceremonies for the RKO show, Mitchell introduces personalities of the stage and the amusement world, a far cry from his job on the Farm and Home hour.

With Irma Glen he presents a recital at 9:30 every Tuesday evening on WENR, with an Unknown Angel footing the bill just as any commercial sponsor might. Selections from the old masters, household favorites and operatic arias feature this program made possible by a woman whose whim it is to provide a quarter hour of distinctive music for listeners who don't care for the jazz that surfeits the evening hours. This program has been running two years, the sponsor renewing time and talent periodically just as any commercial client might.

Everett Mitchell fits pretty well into the scheme of things as conceived under President Roosevelt's New Deal.

"Every man needs every break he can get," Everett insists. (Wasn't it Will Rogers who said: "If this administration fails it will be because it tried to give the average man a better break"?)

The President's conservation program has a great appeal for Everett. And this movement is much more to him than the preservation of national resources. He's a conservationist because he sees—

"Tongues in trees,
Books in running brooks
Sermons in stones
And good in everything."

Don't give up!



—a helping hand may be all you need

"I DO NOT want to give up... but why do I tire so easily... why can't I 'carry on'... and how is it that I do not feel like myself?"

It may be that as the result of colds... indoor or over-work... worry and the like... the strength of your blood has been weakened—that is, the red-blood-cells and hemo-glo-bin reduced... and Spring finds you with that "worn-out" and "let-down-feeling."

A deficient blood content is often responsible for many ills—frequently: loss of weight, sleeplessness, skin disorders, skin eruptions, sallow complexion, paleness, loss of appetite, nervousness or lack of clear skin.

You just can't be well, strong, and up and doing when you have "weak" blood—that is, blood with lowered red-cells and a deficient hemo-glo-bin content. Look to your blood if you suspect a tonic is needed.

For such cases try that time-tested tonic S.S.S.—not just a so-called tonic, but a tonic specially designed to restore body strength by its action on the blood—so vital to good health. You can take S.S.S. along with any other treatment without interference.

S.S.S. value has been proven by generations of use, as well as by modern scientific appraisal. Unless your case is exceptional, you should soon notice a pick-up in your appetite... your color and skin should improve with increased strength and energy.

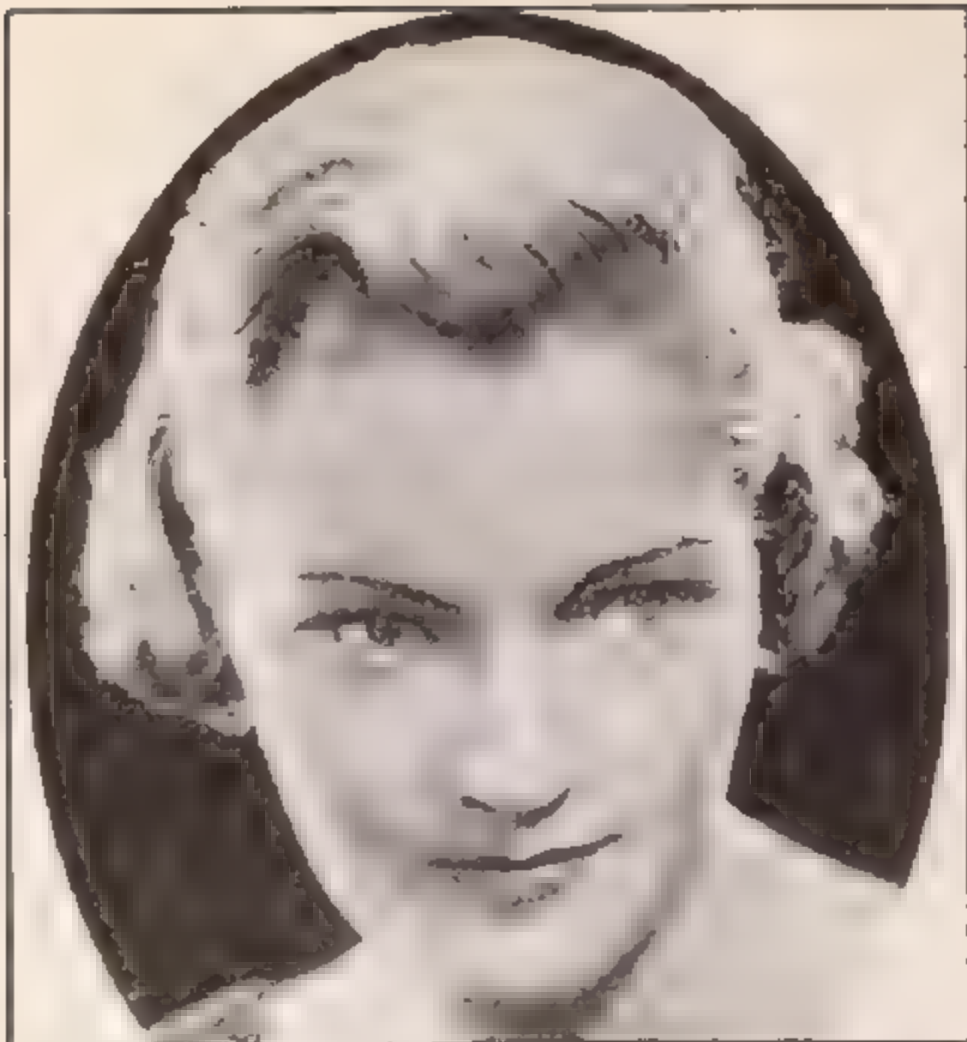
S.S.S. may be the means of helping bring back days of health and joy to you. Why wait... start taking today.

S.S.S. is obtainable at all drug stores... it is liquid of course... never sold in tablet form. In two convenient sizes. The larger size is more economical.

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builds sturdy health



BLONDES WANTED!

THOUSANDS of blondes—to become actresses, movie stars, secretaries, sweethearts, wives! All men prefer them, but only if their hair is *really* blonde, with that shimmer of gold and that fascinating sparkle. If your hair is faded, muddy, darkening, stringy—don't give up. But don't dye, either! Try **BLONDEX**, the special shampoo designed for light hair, now used by millions of blondes all over the world. **BLONDEX** is a fine rich-lathering powder that *naturally* brings new golden color, gleaming lustrousness to the drabest light hair. Try it and see. Get **BLONDEX** today at any good drug or dept. store. Two sizes—the economical \$1.00 bottle and the inexpensive 25c package. **NEW: Have you tried BlenderWare-Sol? Doesn't darken light hair 35c.**



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We build, strengthen the vocal organs—
not with singing lessons—but by instrumentally
producing the most perfect vocal tone—
and we guarantee to improve it, singing
or speaking voice of *instant* tone. Write for
wonderful comeback—sent free. Learn WHY you
can now have the voice you want. No literature
sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 72-15
308 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago

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Now Possible For Everyone!

Remarkable new invention from Rochester, Minn., gives every woman the opportunity to possess a lithe, smart figure, without harmful dieting or drugs.



WHEN the Hemp Massager is rolled over the body, the soft rubber sphericals *pick up and actually knead* the flesh with the same action as a professional masseur's hands. Reduce hips, thighs, abdomen, or any part of the body, quickly, safely, this scientific way. "I reduced my hips four inches in four weeks," writes Mrs. R. R. of New York.

Non electrical, simple to use. Not a roller, "patter," vibrator. Developed in Rochester, Minn., the Hemp Massager is recommended by physicians. Clip the coupon now.

THE CONLEY COMPANY, INC., Rochester, Minn.
☐ Please send me Hemp Massagers at \$4.75 each. I'll pay the postman when Massager is delivered. It is understood that if Massager is not satisfactory I may return it any time within ten days and receive my money back in full. ☐ Please send me free booklet. (115)

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

In fact his own signoff song provides a good index to his philosophy of life.

"When shadows creep where weary
 birds are nesting
 And twilight bids the sleepy rose good-
 night
 When drowsy breezes speak to you of
 resting
 Do they whisper that the world's all
 right?
 When you come to the end of the day
 And night calls your worries away,
 Do you ever watch the setting sun
 And dream of the things you might
 have done?"

Do you turn from your work with
 smile,
 Do you feel that it's all worth
 while,
 As you dream the twilight hours away
 When you come to the end of the day
 And then, speaking:
 'Lots of luck, everybody.'

That signoff phrase is really his
 earnest wish and hope. Hope, that's a
 word to use in connection with Mit
 For he's a rugged, robust optimist, as
 men are who know what they want,
 fight for it and get it.

You see, it took Everett three years
 with the girl.

That Man Stokowsky

(Continued from page 23)

siderably to Stokowsky's reputation; he
 was still fumbling with a new artistic ex-
 pression.

In 1912, the Philadelphia Orchestra of-
 fered him a position as conductor. He
 said he would accept, but only on one
 condition: the directors must promise that
 he would have his way in everything. The
 directors promised. As though to taunt
 them at the end of the first year, Stokow-
 sky decided to perform Mahler's Eighth
 Symphony, a symphony that requires a
 double orchestra and a thousand voices in
 the chorus. The directors complained that
 the expense would be ruinous, but Stokow-
 sky was adamant. The directors had
 to choose between permitting him to per-
 form Mahler or permitting him to resign.
 In desperation, they permitted Stokowsky
 to have his own way—and, characteristic
 of Stokowsky's foresight, there were no
 financial losses.

Since that time Stokowsky has been hav-
 ing his own way in Philadelphia—and he
 can do anything he wishes, as far as his
 orchestra is concerned, without listening
 to a word of complaint.

His first wife was Olga Samaroff, the
 great concert pianist. Their marriage was
 a clash of temperaments, and after sev-
 eral years they were divorced. It is not
 essential to dwell upon this marriage
 which, almost from the beginning, was
 unfortunate. Shortly after the divorce,
 Stokowsky married a wealthy Philadelphia
 heiress who made him financially inde-
 pendent. His second marriage has proved
 to be enormously successful. Mrs. Sto-
 kowsky, together with her two daughters,
 lives in a penthouse in New York.

It is not generally mentioned, but I do
 not think I am indiscreet if I say that
 Stokowsky's second wife wrought an
 enormous change in Stokowsky. She is a
 devout believer in Oriental theosophy, and
 her fervor in this belief has influenced
 him far more than his friends would like
 to intimate. Today, Stokowsky is a fer-
 vent theosophist, too, and an abnormal be-
 liever in Oriental religions. I have it
 on convincing evidence that he is enor-
 mously superstitious, that he believes in
 stars, omens, portents.

THERE can be no doubt as to Stokow-
 sky's genius as a conductor, as to his

profound musicianship, and his artistic
 integrity which will permit no compromise
 with the noblest standards in music.

There is, however, also much of
 Barnum—the circus showman—in the
 man. He has affected a Polish accent in
 speech because he knows that an accent
 very distinguished. In his excitable
 moments (as any of the musicians who
 under him will tell you) he is said to
 really excellent English. He conducts
 without a baton at first because it
 troubled his arm; today he still conducts
 without a baton because he knows
 the swaying motion of two exquisite
 over the head of his orchestra is a
 impressive sight.

Here is another trick of his: he
 changes his entire suit of clothing during
 the intermission of each of his concerts
 because he wants to make certain that
 impression he creates upon his audience
 never diminished.

Perhaps the best illustration of the
 circus showman that can be found in
 Stokowsky lies in a story which I am
 publishing here for the first time.
 Towards the end of a season, several years
 ago, Stokowsky suddenly distributed among
 his men the music for Johann Strauss
 "Blue Danube Waltz" which he wanted
 rehearse with them. Why Stokowsky
 should want to rehearse the Strauss waltz
 was a mystery to his men; the concert
 season was closing the following Satur-
 day and the waltz was not in the program.
 One man asked him why he was rehear-
 ing it, and Stokowsky fumbled and stum-
 bled and finally explained that he was
 interested in developing certain passages
 for his own curiosity. A week after the
 season closed, the Philadelphia Orche-
 stra opened a short summer season of popu-
 lar concerts under a few guest conductors.
 On the evening of the first popular con-
 cert, the director of the orchestra made a
 long speech about the aims of the summer
 season. At last, he announced: "I see that
 we are honored by having Dr. Stokowsky
 in our audience. I think that we would
 be made very happy, and the success of
 the season would be assured, if Dr. Stokow-
 sky would do us the great favor of conduct-
 ing one number to open the season auspici-
 ously." Dr. Stokowsky rose from his seat
 and said: "But I cannot be expected to

RADIO STARS

duct effectively without rehearsal. It is too much to expect!" The director, however, was insistent. "Will the audience," he called out, "please applaud if it would like Dr. Stokowsky to conduct a number for them?" Naturally, the audience applauded loudly and, at last, Dr. Stokowsky (shrugging his shoulders in submission, as though this whole show had not been neatly planned by him) jumped on the platform and began to conduct extemporaneously. "Johann Strauss' Blue Danube Waltz!"

SHOULD not like to finish this portrait of Stokowsky without mentioning his great love for making speeches. It is something of a passion with him. At rehearsals with his orchestra he will always lecture and sometimes his speeches have nothing whatsoever to do with music, but with character, morals, patriotism. Many of his concerts are punctuated with his lectures which, he would like his audi-

ences to believe, are extemporaneous but which, in truth, are carefully prepared beforehand.

I am often asked if Stokowsky has ever composed original music, that is something other than his transcriptions for orchestra of Bach's music. Stokowsky does compose—in secret. It is only a high sense of self-criticism that prevents him from performing any of his works. Several years ago, towards the end of the season, he asked his men during a rehearsal to go through the first movement of a symphony he was composing. His men played the movement, and Stokowsky sat at a distance and listened to it very attentively. When his men finished playing, he jumped upon the platform and urged his men to forget all about it. A work from his pen, consequently, has not as yet appeared. And if I know Stokowsky it never will. For if Stokowsky cannot create an overwhelming impression, he would prefer to make no impression at all.

Food Fit for Kings of the Air

(Continued from page 64)

tips and suggestions that you'll surely find useful for other occasions.

PLENTY of tasty food, some ice cold beer and no hostess around is what it takes to make a successful stag party. "If you have a red and white checked tablecloth, all means use it to achieve that color—"free lunch" look. Pile plates, silverware and napkins neatly. Leave the beer tags on a tray near the refrigerator in the kitchen as a good hint that you prefer to have them filled where you can wipe up the beer spots.

"You've got to be careful what you serve these big he-men," she laughed. "I always have a platter of assorted cold cuts—sausage, cold roast beef, ham, bologna, and assorted relishes and sour pickles to go with it. And say, speaking of relishes, there's a certain celery chow-chow that is quicker than anything else."

And indeed it does, for I made it myself and it was gobbled up—not only by the men but by members of the other sex as well. Here's how you make it:

CELERY CHOW-CHOW

Mix three cups of chopped celery (include some of the small tender leaves), one-half cup of sugar, two teaspoons salt, one teaspoon of mustard and one-half cup of vinegar. Cover and let stand in a cold place for one and a half hours. Drain off the liquid before serving.

Don't forget those tangy cheese sandwiches," Portland warned. "Most men would walk a mile for a slice of buttered papermichel spread thickly with richly flavored liederkranz. If you have one of the new cheese trays of aluminum or pewter by all means use it. It will add a little air to the table which will make your husband proud of his home."

HERE'S Fred Allen's favorite sandwich. You must make it in batches to keep everyone happy, for I have yet to meet the man who wouldn't pause in the middle of the most exciting poker game to reach for a few.

CHATEAU AND HAM SPREAD

Cut bread 1/4 inch in thickness. Spread with butter creamed with a little mustard. Cover with minced, cold, cooked ham moistened with a little mayonnaise, or thin slices of ham spread with mayonnaise. On this place thin slices of chateau cheese. Sprinkle with paprika and place in hot oven until chateau is melted.

"But most important," Portland admonished, "are the cakes and pies! No matter how many I leave for them, there's never a crumb left. And strawberry shortcake—um m m." Here I detected a fond look in her eyes. "It's far better to make up small individual shortcakes than one large cake. Not so messy."

I've included this tempting version of the individual strawberry shortcakes, which puts every other shortcake to shame, in my Fred Allen recipe folder this month which you can obtain absolutely free merely by filling in the coupon on page 64. You really should take advantage of these fruit cakes and pies now, while fruit is at its best. I have also included in this recipe card a most delectable new concoction known as rhubarb and pineapple pie. And do you see that beautiful coconut marshmallow layer cake on page 64? Well, it's twice as delicious as it looks. There's a secret in making it so that it turns out in all its fluffy glory, and you'll find this secret, too, in this month's folder. This array ought to be enough to make you reach for your pens and fill in the coupon right now.

AN EYE-OPENER
FOR MY
FAMILY!



These Vastly Improved 15c WINDOW SHADES

"I'm so delighted that I am replacing all my old window shades with bright, fresh new ones at small cost. These new, improved Clopays are a treat—heavier and stronger than I believed possible. Wooden slat included with each. And now it's necessary to trim only one side to fit narrower windows. As always, Clopays at 15c come in lovely plain colors and chintz patterns—wear wonderfully—and so easy to put up—attach to old rollers without tacks or tools." . . . Send 3c stamp for Color Samples. CLOPAY CORP., 1228 York St., Cincinnati, O.

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ZOREX
KEEPS CLOTHING SAFE
FROM MOTHS



Hang your clothing away with Zorex and you can forget about moths. Zorex protects clothing by killing all moths and larvae. Zorex costs only 10c each and is sold everywhere. If you prefer, order direct from the factory, enclosing 10c for each Zorex needed.

The Zoro Co., 361 W. Superior St. Chicago

Your Iron Fairly Glides!

ELASTIC
QUICK ELASTIC
HOT STARCH
IN 30 SECONDS
STARCH

This modern way to hot starch offers you advantages worth knowing. Simply add boiling water to dissolved Quick Elastic—no mixing, no cooking, no bother as with lump starch. Ends sticking and scorching. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness.

TRY
THIS
FREE

THANK YOU

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 834, Keokuk, Iowa.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please,
and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

RADIO STARS

MAKE YOUR OWN WAVE SET



WAVE your hair at home for a penny! New improved Wildroot Wave Powder makes a whole pint of professional wave set for ten cents. You make your own wave set by mixing powder with water at home. Guaranteed to keep indefinitely. Leaves no white flakes. Approved by Good House-keeping Bureau. Simple directions in every package for finger waving or resetting your permanent. At all drug and 5 and 10c stores.

WILDROOT
WAVE POWDER
MAKES ONE PINT
HEAVY WAVE SET

10c
MAKES 1 PINT

New improved
WILDROOT WAVE POWDER

UNUSUAL BUSINESS for MEN and WOMEN

GREAT QUANTITIES BEING SOLD! MAGIC CHEESE CHIPS

NO HOUSE-TO-HOUSE
NO COSTLY MACHINE TO BUY

An exceptional business which may be started on a small scale, and built up out of profits. Decidedly unusual! You can work at home. Chips come to you already made. Simply drop into hot grease and they're ready to eat—big, tasty, crispy, delicious! No complicated work. Experience unnecessary. Sales do your selling for you. You don't invest a cent until you've sold yourself on the possibilities. Then you can start with \$8.50 investment. Money-Back guarantee goes with initial purchase. Send for actual copies of orders from distributor showing how the business grows. A business for men and women alike. No newspaper salesmanship, no big investment. We furnish everything: display stands, advertising, etc. Get the exclusive rights for your locality. Write at once. Samples and particulars free. **FLUFF-O MFG. CO., Dept. 3065-E, St. Louis, Mo.**



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HAVE you ever heard of a gingerbread with filling? Neither did I until Portland explained that she wouldn't dream of leaving this unusual cake out of the stag party. It's practically guaranteed to have everybody crying for more. I should know, I tried it myself.

FILLING FOR GINGERBREAD

- 2 packages (6 ounces) cream cheese
 - 2 tablespoons chopped dates, or seedless raisins (soaked and drained)
 - 2 tablespoons chopped pecan nut meats
 - 1/4 teaspoon salt
 - 1 teaspoon cream or top milk
- Prepare a soft gingerbread and bake

in two layers. Blend cream cheese, chopped raisins, chopped pecan nut meats, salt, and cream to a smooth paste. Spread between cooled layers of gingerbread.

Now I find myself with no more stag left to give you the recipe for my Gingerbread Surprise which goes perfectly with this filling. This is quite unlike any gingerbread you've ever tasted, I assure you. But don't be disappointed. I've managed to include it along with the other recipes in this month's Fred Allen folder. Send in the coupon right now, for the whole batch of recipes absolutely free! Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

"No!" Says Dr. Cadman

(Continued from page 24)

bringing nothing but themselves and their problems.

The thin man was in domestic difficulties. Dr. Cadman advised him about a divorce.

The next man approached. Dr. Cadman's experienced eyes seemed to take but one look.

"When did you eat last?" he inquired.

"Two days ago," muttered the man.

DR. CADMAN uttered no verbal comment. He reached into his pocket, bringing out a dollar bill. Gently he placed it within the man's clapped fist. Then he called his assistant.

"See that he gets something to eat and find him a job."

Again he turned to me. He offered me a cigarette.

"I'm no bigot," he said, "but when I see the harm that too much liquor can do, it makes me sick."

"The public should not be misled. And they will most assuredly be misled if hard liquor is advertised as a beverage! Hard

liquor is no good, except for medicinal purposes."

"A glass of beer never hurt a man, or light wine either, or even a shot of whiskey in milk if you have a severe cold, but just let them advertise over the ether and it will be a terrible calamity for everybody concerned."

"I consider the radio one of the most powerful influences in modern civilization. The idea of a beautiful program entering the home and then having it sponsored by whiskey revolts me!"

"During the past ten years I have been in constant contact with radio and I have received nothing but encouragement and approval in my efforts to broadcast the fundamental principles of religion and ethics."

"That is why I am certain that the heads of the radio industry feel the responsibilities that the radio owes the youth of this nation. It is an obligation to those whose habits are still unformed. It is an obligation that the directors of the great chains and the small stations cannot and must not ignore!"

"Yes!" Says General Butler

(Continued from page 25)

They don't mean a thing—medals—titles.

"I fought as a private. I know what war is. That's why I hate it. I know what it means to have to send men out, to watch them go, and a few hours later, see what's left of them come back.

CAN'T you see why objecting to liquor advertising seems very petty to me? It's just another instance of not facing the truth.

"If hard liquor advertising will enable more tax payers to pay their taxes and thus supply the government with further money for the care of its disabled, if hard liquor advertising will increase sales so that there are additional jobs for the widows and those who came back whole, then this country should stop beating about the bush, and go to it!"

"Not wanting to advertise liquor is typi-

cal of our eternal shadow-boxing. And why not advertise it? If a man wants to drink, he'll drink. Prohibition should have taught us that. And if advertising will aid business, then why not do it?"

"Lately I've been traveling throughout the United States, and I know this, from what I've seen and heard, if the government persists in its silly camouflaged rules just like this liquor advertising one, people will lose faith in the whole federal system."

"I'm all for radio. I think it does a lot of good. I like Will Rogers. He broadcasts plain honest facts."

"I'm not so pig-headed that I'm unable to see that radio liquor advertising creates its own problems. Our original Constitution says that each state must be allowed to govern itself. People should be free to do and to think and believe what they see fit. So if they have been brought up

to consider liquor a painful, contaminating influence, they should stick to their principles, nobody ought to disturb them.

"Kansas is dry. The other day I made a speech in Wilkesburg, a little town just outside of Pittsburgh. The whole town was dry, and ten to one, it will stay that way.

"There's no reason why people residing

in dry areas and objecting to drink, should be obliged to listen to unwelcome advertising. Thus I can readily understand the problem that the radio industry must solve. That problem is *how to come off the dry territories*. If this feat can be accomplished, then they should leap to their advertising. As I said before, if it's legal to sell it, it should be legal to say it!"

On the Schooner "Seth Parker"

(Continued from page 17)

A signal comes from the window of the control room. This room is something like an upright coffin with a glass window. Inside we see three men, one with a telephone in his hand that is connected with New York. The man standing, who just gave us the signal that we're on the air, is the production manager. A third man sits at the controls.

Do you hear that wind roaring? And that deep-throated boat whistle? It makes us shiver, even when we know that the wind is that record and the whistle is a foot-long wooden contraption being blown by that man over in the corner.

NOW, here's a man to look at twice. Notice the set to his shoulders, the authoritative broadness of his hands as he holds to a rope hanging from the cabin's ceiling. He is Captain Flink, master of sail and team, and hired by Lord to run this boat. His job tonight is to tug at that heavy rope hung on a pulley. There's a chain hanging from the ceiling nearby. That, too, helps to give folk beyond the loudspeakers a mental picture of the crew at work on deck. And the bell. If you've ever ridden the waves of the ocean, you've heard the bell in the crow's nest ring out through the night's silence. We hear it again. The sound flows about us and into the mikes and is hurled around the world. But here's a secret. That isn't the big, booming deck bell at all. Tonight, the bell hangs from the ceiling of the bathroom that adjoins this cabin. It is there because the noise would be too loud if it were in this room with us.

"Take up the slack," shouts Lord. Captain Flink repeats, "Take up the slack." Like an echo, we hear the words again. That third voice? Where is it? I'll tell you. It's the same boy who rang the bell. He's still skulking in that bathroom. Many a time I've heard these orders in my own loudspeaker. Always I thought the last man to shout them must be at the far end of the deck. But he's not, you dupe, he's in a bathroom.

Four men are around the mike now. Singers. "Blow the Man Down" is the number. Lord is singing with them. They finish and he begins to talk.

"Folks listening—the sea is a strange and awesome thing which, from the beginning of the world, has swallowed up gold—and ships—and men, and it very seldom gives up its secret.

"Two weeks ago we had a program of lost treasure—and it occurred to me what a much bigger program it would be—a program of lost men. Sitting around this table tonight—right here in this cabin—

are four men who have been lost to the sea. Their folks and friends don't know whether they're alive or dead.

"This afternoon I sent out four telegrams all exactly the same to four mothers who think their boys have been swallowed up by the sea. I want to read you the telegram that went to these mothers."

HONEST, those are real tears in Phil's eyes. As he reads, glance at those four boys. One is nervous beyond a doubt. Another looks up with a sort of far-away stare in his eyes. The other two sit with bowed heads as if they might be praying.

But look beyond the stove. There's a sight the microphone can never show. It's a young boy, a member of Lord's crew, crying silently. He isn't one of the four who will talk tonight to their mothers. Could it be, I wonder, that he is another one of those swallowed up by the sea?

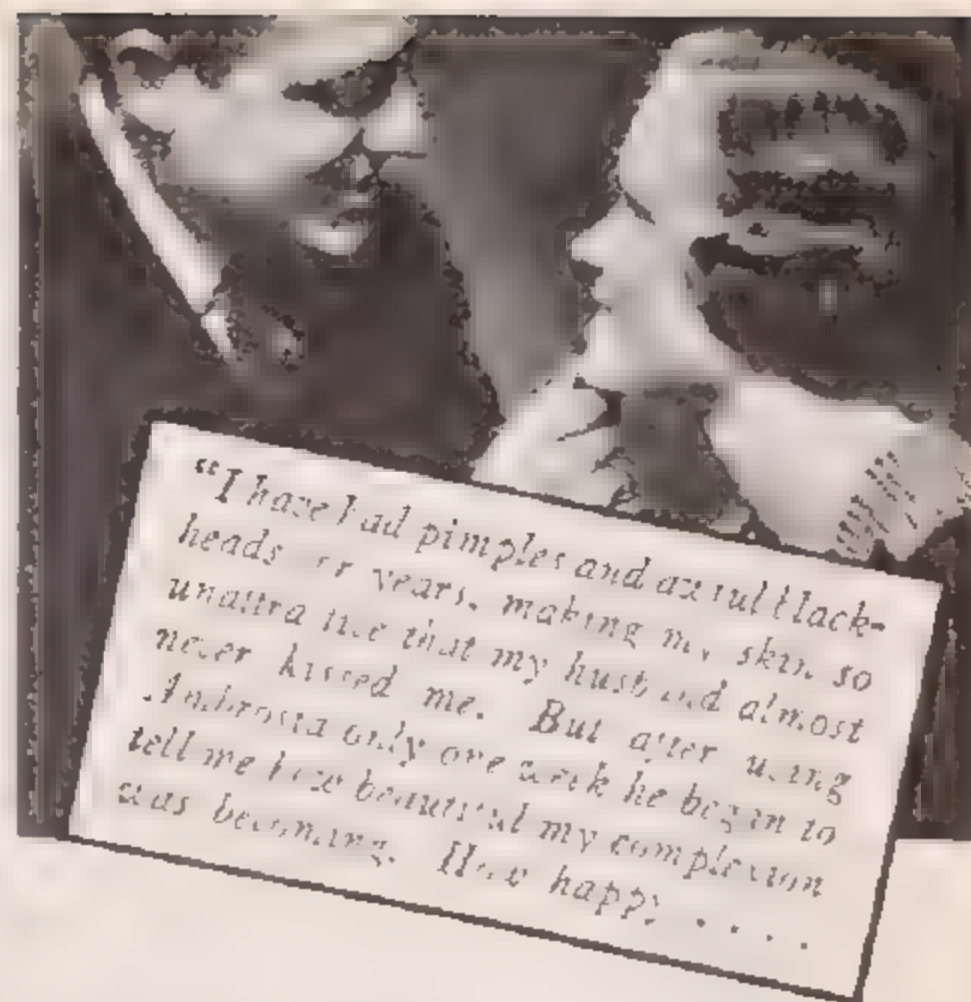
Phil Lord is reading. "Right this minute in De Soto, Illinois, Mrs. Gibson is sitting before the loudspeaker of her radio, just as you're sitting before yours, and I hope that your ear will respond along with the great happiness of hers. For the past eight years she hasn't known where her boy was—alive or dead—and I can imagine that right this minute she's all atremble as she sits before the loudspeaker. Yes, Mrs. Gibson—Bill is sitting right across the table from me. It's like one you love coming back from the grave. Bill has his ticket in his pocket, Mrs. Gibson—he'll arrive home Thursday morning."

Everything is deadly quiet as he pauses. Those sailors standing around, members of the crew, are supposed to be hard-boiled fellows. But look at their faces. Serious, thoughtful expressions.

Lord continues. "No, Mrs. Gibson, you're not dreaming. It is Bill. He's coming home. Bill—for just a moment. . . ." Lord, too, finds it difficult to speak. " . . . for just a moment, I want you to tell how you happened to disappear."

Bill tells his story. He had a stepfather who drank heavily and who beat Bill, his kid brother and his mother. "I used to fight back," said Bill, "and he kicked me out of the house when I was eleven." Bill left Illinois and went to sea to forget.

THAT was a fine gesture on the part of Captain Lord, you say. But that's not all. Listen to his next lines. He is looking further into Bill's happiness. He is making an appeal to the business men of



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De Soto to see Bill Thursday when he gets home to help him take his place in the world by offering him an honest job.

Two of the other boys take their turns before the mike. But the fourth, he is too overcome by emotion to speak. One of the singers has to read the boy's lines.

Then Mother Roper is announced. She is the adopted mother of seamen and has returned some 5000 boys to their mothers.

The half hour is coming to a close. The little clock on the wall, five minutes fast, has already chimed out the half hour. In the control room, the man at the telephone is talking. The second man has his hand on the switch which will throw the program off the air.

Now the whole team of Broadcasters functions as a unit. The quartet sings. Captain Plink is tugging at the rope on the pulley. Chains are being rattled. "Drop off on the morning lines" shouts Lord. Captain Plink repeats it. "Stand by on the halyard." Again the order is repeated. We hear the blood-stirring sounds of a ship putting out to sea. Suddenly the tension ends and all stand relaxed for a moment. The show is ended.

Next week the program will come from another city. And before many weeks, perhaps by the time you read this the

Schooner Seth Parker will be on its way to other oceans.

BEFORE tonight's broadcast I looked around to see how Captain Lord was preparing for this cruise. I found enough supplies on board to last twenty-five men for fifteen months. There were 9000 pounds of sugar, 22,000 pounds of fresh meat, 8 tons of baked beans, 7½ tons of potatoes, 14,000 pounds of flour, 51 tons of canned goods, 2½ tons of apple sauce. And that's a lot of apple sauce. There are 17 miles of silk fishing line and 88,000 rounds of ammunition. There is a first-aid department equipped as well as a drug store. Even the Frigidaire Company, which now sponsors the programs from the ship, has contributed by installing large refrigerators, water coolers and air conditioners.

Captain Lord's own cabin is a beautiful room, furnished with upholstered chair and divans, old oak desk and tables. On it is a bathroom as nice as any in a New York hotel.

Captain Phil Lord, it certainly looks as if the stage is set for a wonderful trip. We've enjoyed your broadcast tonight and your gesture of goodwill toward those four boys. We wish you bon voyage.

Revealing Some Famous Friendships

(Continued from page 19)

from Dr. Cadman, couched in the beautifully simple understanding language which has made him beloved by the millions in his radio audience. It was the one anchor the broken parents had to cling to, this faith of Dr. Cadman's.

Half a year has passed since little Lillian died, yet Dr. Cadman still drops in regularly to see the Crosses. "I don't know now we could have come through that difficult period had it not been for Dr. Cadman," Milton Cross says simply.

Help anyone get a job in radio? Why, you're crazy. Everyone there has to look out for himself, and that's a full-time job. Everyone is too busy to play the role of good Samaritan. Says you: Let's go back to June 22, 1933. Joe Penner, late of the stage and vaudeville, still unknown to radio, sat disconsolate. There was a reason for his sorrow. For like most of his pals, Joe had no job.

Being a vaudeville trouper for a dozen years did no good; business was so terrible most theatres had eliminated vaudeville for the summer; there wasn't a Chinaman's chance to get a part in a musical comedy. The big moguls in radio were unwilling to give him a chance. The "Wanna Buy a Duck" man didn't know where to turn to earn an honest penny.

Idly, Joe turned the radio dial. The Rudy Vallee hour was starting. An idea struck him. Perhaps Rudy would be willing to help him. Might even give him a chance to appear as a guest artist some Thursday night. Hundreds of sponsors listened in on the Vallee hour; it is known as the happy hunting ground for talent. He knew Rudy—well, well enough to speak to, anyway. Four years before they had both played at the Brooklyn Paramount.

Humbly he approached Rudy. Rudy did remember him. Rudy actually seemed glad to see him. "Of course I remember your stuff," he said. "You ought to be great on the air. I can fix it up for you on one of my broadcasts. How would you like to go on the night of July 6th?"

Rudy encouraged him, worked with him, trained him in acquiring radio technique. He didn't dare fail after all Rudy had done for him. He was trembling with nervousness the first night he appeared.

HIS success was instantaneous. Rudy finally got his own sponsors, Standard Brands, to feature Joe every Sunday night from 7:30 to 8:00 P. M.

Now consider the case of Jimmie Melton who got Ray Heatherton his chance on the air; who pushed him and helped him get the coveted spot as featured singer with the Ipana Troubadours. After all, Jimmie, also a tenor, could have used that job himself. Then there is the grand friendship between Budd Hulick and Harry Von Zell, which resulted in Von Zell getting the job of broadcasting the Stoepnagle and Budd broadcasts. The number of similar friendships is legion.

Perhaps you have heard of the one between Frank Parker and Jessica Dragonette. Frank and Jessica, you know, have been enchanting radio fans every Friday night with their soulful love duets. For the past year and a half they've been headlined together on the Cities Service programs. They've sung all the love songs from light operas, they've given us the lovely lilting old ballads, as only two young, eager, romantic folk could.

One day Jessica picked up the morning paper. Staring her in the face were the words of a gossiping columnist, "Behind

RADIO STARS

the lovely love duets of Jessica Dragonette and Frank Parker, is raging a deadly battle. They despise each other."

Jessica was stunned; while she and Frank had not been particularly friendly, their relations had always been amicable, cooperative. Certainly she had none but kind feeling for him. She couldn't think of anything she did that might have hurt him. Perhaps it was Frank who disliked her.

The bell rang; it was Frank Parker, angry, bewildered, waving the tel-stale paper in his hand. He had been in such a hurry to get to the Dragonette apartment that he hadn't even shaved—quite an omission for the sartorially perfect Frank Parker.

"Look at this," he said excitedly. "Tell me, did I ever do anything to offend you? You know how much I think of you, how much I enjoy working with you. Please forgive me if I've ever done anything to justify your dislike of me."

"I don't dislike you," Jessica Dragonette laughed. "I feel just the same way you do. Let's forget all about the newspaper."

The gossip columnist started something he had not counted on. From that day, Jessica Dragonette and Frank Parker have become staunch friends.

This was a case of a fine friendship that grew out of idle gossip. Along radio row, as everywhere else, friendships often start in funny ways. There are several that have begun in quarrels, in misunderstandings that seem quite laughable now.

MAYBE you've heard the tale behind Abe Lyman and Lew White's palship. To understand it, you must know something of the character of Abe Lyman, the orchestra leader. Quick in anger, quick in generosity—quick and thoughtless in almost everything. Well, one day Abe and his band had been rehearsing. Lew White and a bunch of the boys were fooling around with the control engineer. It was a minute and a half before Abe was to go on. As is the custom, the loudspeaker was turned on in readiness for the broadcast. Instead of the silence which should have greeted him while he stood with his baton poised, ready to lead his men into their first number, Abe heard voices from the loud speaker. He immediately jumped to the conclusion that the boys in the control were deliberately talking into the speaker. And here he was set to go on the air.

He rushed into the control room, bawled the boys out. White was leaning nonchalantly against the wall with his usual grin on his face. Lyman seized upon him as the culprit. "Why, you fool," he yelled. "Don't you know better than to talk into a loud speaker when someone's about to go on the air. Get out

of here." Then he went back to lead his orchestra.

White was nonplussed, so were the boys. None of them had talked into the speaker, some wires had evidently crossed. Someone else's conversation had been picked up by accident.

The next day White met Lyman in the studio. "Look here," he began, "you've got me all wrong. I didn't talk . . ."

"Don't you dare talk to me," Lyman interrupted. White answered back. Before they realized it they were at each other tooth and nail. It took six people to get them apart.

Months passed. Whenever White had the chance, he took a crack at Lyman's expense. Lyman was angered if White's name was even mentioned. Terrible things would certainly happen if they met again.

Then came the time Lyman filled in on the Jack Pearl broadcasts. One of those nights White had to arrange an organ recital with a radio executive who was attending the broadcast. In some way word reached Lyman that his arch enemy would be present. "If that so-and-so dares to come to my broadcast I'll punch his nose in for him," Lyman threatened.

"On the way in," White confided to me, "sixteen people told me that Lyman was going to murder me. If one had said it, I could have walked away. When so many warned me, unless I went in I would have been branded a coward throughout radio-land."

White went in. When the broadcast was over Lyman spied him and sent someone to tell Lew White he wanted to see him. "If he wants me, he knows where I am," White countered.

Lyman came rushing over. "White, what do you mean making cracks at me?" he asked. "What're you mad at me for, anyway?"

"Let's talk things over," White suggested. They did. Now they are the best of friends.

These are just a few samples of real friendship along radio row. You may have heard of how Ted Husing whisked Ben Rubin off to recuperate at Lake Placid, lending Benny his own clothes for the two weeks stay. You may have heard how the Aces and Fred Allen and his wife, George Burns and Gracie Allen; Mary Livingston and Jack Benny spend their leisure time. You may have heard this, it is more likely you have heard tales of the petty disagreements among half a dozen stars amplified till they assumed the proportions of death-feuds.

While radio folk are ready to list their friends, they are very reluctant to publicize the favors these friends have bestowed upon them. It takes a lot of prying to discover what they have done for each other.

Watch for stories on those great favorites of the air and screen, Al Jolson, the Mad Marx Brothers, and "Schnozzle" Durante

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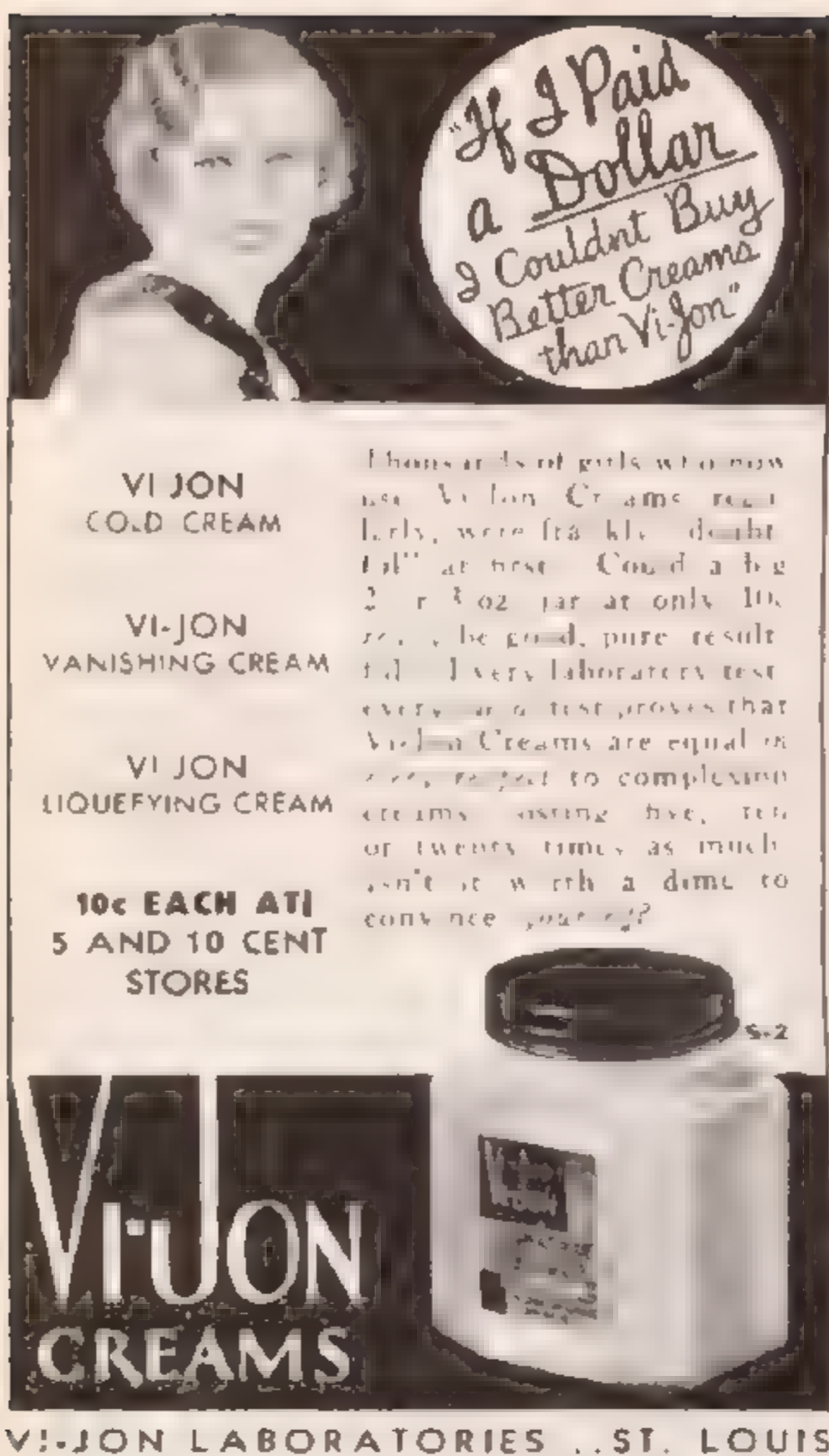


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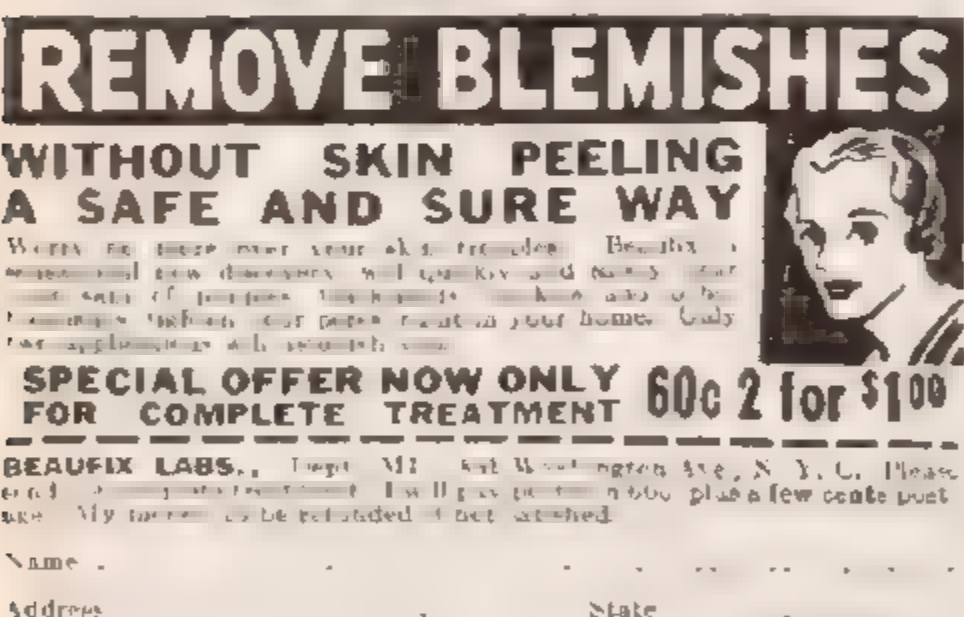
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RADIO STARS

arms. Their lips met, fused a trifle, parted with a sufficient amount of y sound to satisfy a breathless audience. "H-m-m," observed the lady visitor to the control engineer, "that seems a pretty realistic kiss." That returned the engineer ever to please and impress a visitor for old CBS, "That's not passionate. You'd see how they do it in rehearsal." "Certainly should," retorted the lady or acidly, "That leading man's my and."

CH potential domestic upheavals never worry Ray Kelly, sound effects expert the National Broadcasting Company. "I want to be realistic, let 'em," says the unromantic Mr. Kelly. "Per-

sonally, I prefer the more gracious kiss of the hand. Even then, I sometimes have to take this bit of business away from them and do it myself."

"Why?" he was asked. "Simply because some of 'em just can't help making a sound like a cow pulling her leg out of the mud."

So there you are again. No matter whether you like them long or short, hot or cold, the controversy rages on.

The fact is, I think it would be an excellent idea to put the matter entirely in the hands of Mr. Kelly. Make him the Czar of Radio Kissing. He'd be so detached, unemotional and absolutely fair about it.

Unless, of course, the leading lady happened to be Mrs. Kelly.

What's Happened to Kate Smith?

(Continued from page 41)

try, success everywhere she went. Such hard work, such desperately hard work. She hadn't minded. But that throbbing pain below her eyes, that raw, constricting soreness in her throat! It was hell to sing, to do her best.

After the La Palina program was over, other companies had wanted her, a petite and a medical product sponsor. "They want the wrong kind of program for you," Ted Collins had said. "Besides, it'd do you good to get away—have a change in climate. There're eight or nine thousand dollars a week in a vaudeville."

"How about it, Kate?"

"Okay, Ted." Kate, who'd never been west of Chicago, a chance to see Texas, Iowa, Alaska, was thrilling. So she'd thrown herself eagerly into the work of getting the Swanee Revue together.

A change in climate, indeed. On the tour out in our private cars Kate was cheerful and happy, playing poker with us in the drawing room, laughing, joking until a painful first stop—Minneapolis. Damp and cold! The horrible gripping hoarseness, the torturing sinus pains returned. Six and five shows a day! Tremendous crowds to welcome her and cheer her! Twelve hours a day—from eleven in the morning till eleven at night—waiting in stuffy, overheated dressing room, talking in whispers to save her failing voice, soothing her throat with argyrol, spraying with atomizers. Then out on the stage to dance, laugh, tell jokes—straining her voice to the utmost to sing above that only hoarseness.

ON THE SIDE in the hall she knew that Ted Collins was pacing, as he always did these days between shows. If only those New York specialists were here to treat her nose and throat disorder. Right now it was worse than it had ever been on the whole tour, for she'd kept going from city to city, ever since leaving Minneapolis!

There was a knock on her door and Ted came in.

"I set now, Kate. Your number," he said.

"Okay, Ted," she said and smiled at him.

Down the stairs and out on the stage she walked. I heard the thunder of applause which greeted her and knew that if anything could give her strength to carry on, it was this evidence from hundreds of her friends that she was loved.

Did you ever see a dream walking?

Well, I did.

Did you ever see a dream talking?

Well, I did.

How Kate Smith sang that song that night! I knew what it cost her. I could hear how she was straining every nerve and muscle in her throat to sing above that awful hoarseness. I knew and Ted Collins and Mrs. Collins knew but the audience didn't know—yet. They roared, stamped, clapped their approval.

Jack Miller, his baton raised, smiled encouragingly at Kate. She nodded her head and he tapped his music stand. The audience became silent at last as the orchestra went into the vamp for "It's Only a Shanty." A fast, difficult number—but in the west the most popular in Kate's repertoire.

Kate began to sing, carrying the audience with her in the lilting rhythm.

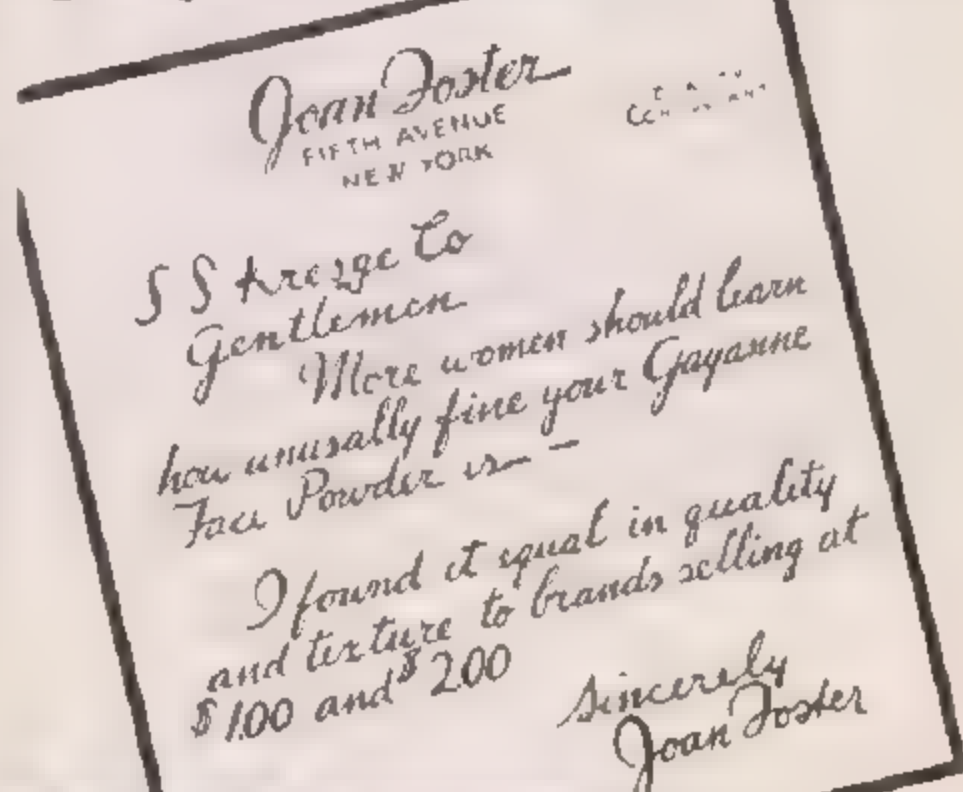
Then it happened. Her voice wavered—and cracked. The first time in her whole career! The very thing that she had laid awake nights hoping against hope would never happen had happened. Kate stopped, tried to regain her voice, twisting in her cold hands the large black and white chiffon handkerchief she always carries on the stage.

Kate Smith choked then said to the audience in a hoarse whisper, tears rising in her eyes, "I'm sorry, folks, I hope you'll understand." Then she rushed from the stage.

WE all hurried after her. Usually calm when everybody else gets excited, now Kate Smith could not restrain her tears. It was not just that she had failed—she was sure that she had actually lost her voice! Hysterically, she wept. We tried to comfort her—Maria, her maid, Ted Collins and I. She was inconsolable. I thought at that moment that Kate Smith was crying the way some other girl would cry if she had lost the man she loved!

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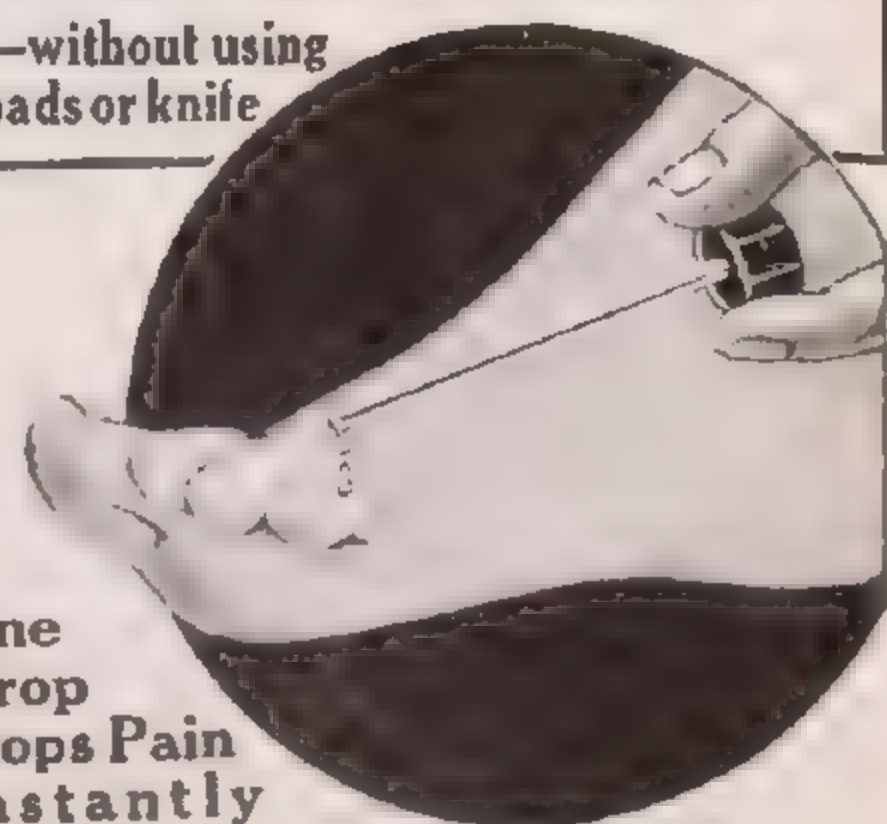
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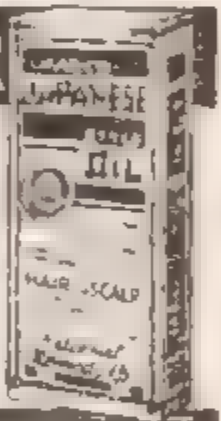
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"Everybody will go home and say that Kate Smith is through," she wailed.

Then we heard Ted talking, quietly, calmly. "Now don't get excited, kid. You're going to be all right. Oh yes, you will—you've needed a good cry like this for a long while. You're going out there, Kate, and you're going to sing your closing song for 'em. Do you hear, kid?"

Eighty people were depending on her. Half of that number was the staff she needs to carry in her chairmanship for the NRA. Eighty salaries had to be paid. And her own career, hanging now in the balance, jeopardized theirs.

"Okay, Ted," she said.

She stopped crying, became absolutely stoney. The tap dancers were finishing their number. Kate went to the wings and when that turn was finished she ran out on the stage and faced the audience.

"Folks," she said, "these friends will get in your throat sometimes."

They laughed, applauded, raved their approval of her courage in finishing the show. She told a joke. They laughed again, whistled, shouted.

Then she sang "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain."

Never have I heard Kate sing that theme song of hers more beautifully. Never have I heard such raves of applause.

Kate told me later that she was so worked up, so tense at the moment, that she actually didn't hear the most enthusiastic claps she has ever received.

Soon after that evening Kate said "Okay, Ted"—one more—to his order that she must take a two weeks rest. Two engage-

ments were cancelled so that Kate relax at the famous resort in Hot Springs, Arkansas.

The day after she arrived the burned to the ground, destroying a valuables.

THE finishing touch to her jinx was the loss of her invaluable maid, Mary. She was called back to New York on account of an illness in her family.

But Kate stuck it out, took three weeks rest and, for the time being at least, beat that sinus and throat disorder.

The Swanee Revue with Kate Smith the star took the road again to continue its successful tour until Kate decided to return to radio.

You didn't think for a moment, did you, that she was deserting her radio for ever? Not so long as Kate Smith possesses that glorious voice. As for her, Kate carries eight pairs of glasses with her.

And now you have the story of what happened to Kate Smith—the whole thing. She has been off the air and millions missed her, but she has been busy—thoughtless. Just recently she has been too tired to get herself in shape for the radio program she wants to present personally. I think she is ready again. I know she is eager to begin. Perhaps the time you read this or soon after will be greeting you through the speaker. If she is, and if she is playing, that will do her more good than eight times eight secondists.

For that is her whole life.

Ruth Etting's Secret Memories

(Continued from page 14)

road with the little snake coiling above her hand, unconscious of the horror which the scene produced in the hearts of her little girl friends.

You know how Ruth left David City to go to Chicago to study at the Academy of Arts. But you don't know about a talk she had with her grandfather the night before she left.

They wandered down the road together. Ruth could scarcely believe that she was leaving all this peace and quiet and loveliness for the excitement and novelty of big city life. Well, if she was going to learn how to draw fine pictures of women's dresses, she had to start now. Still, her heart was heavy because she knew she had reached the end of one road, a road lined with great shady, protective trees, and was starting out on another where huge skyscrapers towered ominously on every side.

Her grandfather hadn't wanted Ruth to leave but then, wasn't it in her blood to be a pioneer, to start new things, with new courage and determination?

They stopped on the road and sat down on a fence, their heels hooked into the lowest rail. Grandfather began to talk, pulling out of his great store of wisdom, the years had taught him, a few bits of advice which would help his granddaughter on her pilgrimage.

He said: "Now Ruth, you know I don't

like to talk much and I won't. But there are two things I want to tell you: Never trust anyone, man, woman or child, except your own judgment at all times. And you make money, as I know you will, always keep that money in your own name."

Surprising advice, that surprising cause it's so free of the exaggerated sentiments one expects from a fond grandfather. Practical, skeptical, fact-facing. Grandfather Etting knew that in other respects his granddaughter needed no advice, he had complete faith in her ability to protect herself from the pitfall that most girls in a big city. But he knew that her brotherly, kindly, open-hearted spirit, David City might blind Ruth to the value of man in a less friendly environment, to the truths which a guarded child had spared her.

In Chicago Ruth saw beggars, vagrants for the first time. She learned about actors who, having found quick success, vied with their rivals in putting swank. To actors drunk with spending, routine of self-exploitation in public comes a vicious and dangerous habit—this was new, and it put a new light on that little yellow pig with the slit in its top.

You know how Ruth finally gave up study of designing at the Academy. She worked as a dancer in the very revue which she had designed costumes.

RADIO STARS

know how she stepped into a lead role one night and found that she could sing. But did you know that J. J. Shubert, the famous theatrical producer, took a trip to Chicago to persuade her to change her plans? When he found out that it was hopeless, that she'd made up her mind, he sat for hours with her at the Green Mill Cafe, talking. She has always remembered him for what he told her: "Never," he said, "never let anyone change your style!"

Shubert knew that the popularity of the hey-hey type of singing, with its exaggerated hotcha gestures and grimaces, might influence Ruth's managers or producers into persuading her to leave behind her simple, quiet manner of putting a song over.

Later, Flo Ziegfeld sent Stanley Sharp out to see Ruth Etting. Irving Berlin had heard her records and was impressed by the fact that she sang lyrics so that you could understand every word! That was how Ziegfeld had learned about Ruth.

When the offer from Ziegfeld finally came ("Can you be in New York in ten days?" he wired), Ruth was on the way here anyway to appear with Paul Whitehead at the Paramount Theatre.

She will never forget that scene in Irving Berlin's studio where he was to hear her sing in person for the first time. "Sing something hot," he said.

She consulted with Arthur Johnson, who was at the piano, and they found they both knew "Nobody's Baby." As she started to sing it, Berlin went out of the room. Perplexed, she sang the song anyway. When he'd finished, Berlin returned and said, "Sing something else, but sing it hot."

She sang "Blue Skies." Again, Berlin left only to return at the end of the song. "Listen, Miss Etting, I want you to sing one more song for me, but I want you

to sing it good and hot this time. You know, get your body into it."

Very quietly Ruth Etting told him, "I'm sorry, Mr. Berlin, but I just get hot with my voice."

She found out later that Irving Berlin had left the room to listen to her from the hall, to be sure her tones were true. She also learned something else, after Mr. Ziegfeld had given her a contract.

Arthur Johnson told her. "Ruth," he said, "if you'd done what Berlin was trying to make you do, if you'd made one 'hot' gesture, you wouldn't have gotten that Ziegfeld contract."

"Trust your own judgment, always!"

"Never let anyone change your style!"

Those two bits of advice, and Ruth's adherence to them, settled her destiny at that important moment.

The next time you listen to Ruth Etting over the air, see if you don't agree with me. In every song she sings there is a spirit which tells you that there's a song in her heart. That song she never sings—for it is the song of her memories—the memories of her simple life in David City which made her what she is. The song that ever inspires her to success.

"City people," she says, "don't know simple pleasures. Country people know how to get pleasure out of nothing!"

And the melody of that song in her heart was written by a fine, stalwart old man about whom Ruth says now, "It's a pity—really a great pity that grandfather didn't live to hear me sing. It would have meant so much to him."

Perhaps, in some way we living humans can't know about, he does hear and is proud of the fruits of that song he wrote for his granddaughter's heart!

The Dramatic Story of WOR

(Continued from page 88)

The agent was right. The great airship had been wrenched from her mooring by a furious wind and was being hurled about somewhere in the screeching blackness. The crew had lost its bearings in the rain and fog. There was danger that the wind might drive them out to sea and down.

"Look," said Poppele, "if we can get Lakehurst to tell the airship to tune in to our wave, we'll go on the air, SOS or no. We'll tell our listeners to phone in whenever they hear the ship."

LAKEHURST snapped dots and dashes to the Shenandoah. WOR went on the air. The dirigible listened while the broadcasting station relayed listeners' phone calls which shortly were jamming the Market Street telephone exchange.

The storm howled down the coast and the Shenandoah, through WOR's guidance, slipped through the blackness to nuzzle her mooring mast once again.

Thousands had thrilled to the broadcast. A few of them knew the courage that Poppele needed to violate the strict fed-

eral law that forbade broadcast transmission during an SOS.

But the chief engineer had done rightly. The commendatory letters from Secretary of the Navy Denby and the Lakehurst Commandant, Jacob Klein, proved that.

On one of those earlier occasions, "Hollywood" McCosker felt definitely that the WOR audience should hear the Spanish prima donna, Marguerita Alvarez. Her manager felt just as definitely that it shouldn't. After a hot argument, McCosker went to the Minister from Spain, Juan Riano. Riano cabled King Alphonse. Alphonse cabled back.

"I have heard WOR. I will be awaiting Marguerita Alvarez's broadcast in my palace," was the essence of the King's reply. A royal command is not usually disregarded by a subject. The prima donna went on the air.

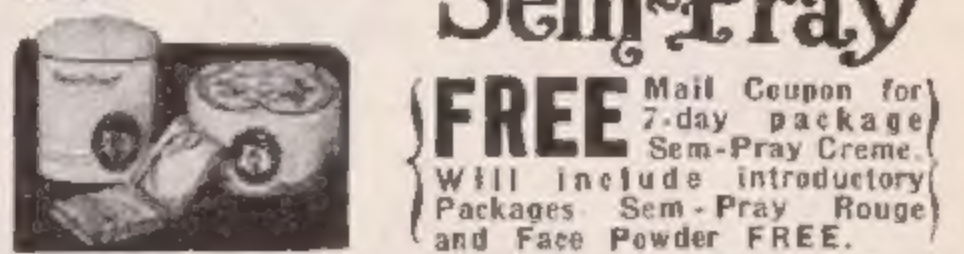
Through such varied devices of genius has WOR experimented in network affiliation. The conclusion reached at the end of this connection reveals the idea behind WOR. At the inaugural of its 5,000 watt

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transmitter, September 18, 1927, WOR became the key station of the Columbia Broadcasting System. The association ended two years later. Mr. McCosker and his associates felt that WOR was a station which belonged to the people in and about New York. They wanted to be individual. This is the way Mr. McCosker has put it:

"The newspapers solved a similar problem of presenting the same news at the same time either by adopting a political bias or by building up features and feature pages until the paper, despite the fact that its news columns carried the same news as its competitors, assumed a distinct identity.

"In much the same manner has the pro-

gram department at WOR attempted to impress an individuality on the stations through the use of outstanding sustaining programs."

WOR asserts that it will never become entirely commercial. Such programs as the "Choir Invisible," "Moonbeams" and the Bamberger "Little Symphony" will never be sold. Thus do they keep faith with their listeners.

THOUGH the station seeks always to serve listeners with programs of special local interest, it never ceases to seek broadcasts of international interest.

It was WOR, not the networks, which obtained Gandhi's consent to go on the

air from London. When a broadcast was made from a plane flying beside the fliers to cross from Europe to America was WOR that put it on the air.

They scooped the networks, not only the first announcement of the Lindberg kidnaping, but on subsequent broadcasts from the Trenton headquarters of the New Jersey state police.

That's how this independent station works—swiftly, ingeniously, fearlessly. Thus has the station with its 50,000 watts of power, 200 times as much as that possessed by the original transmitter, held the attention and obtained the loyalty of a great community of listeners. Listeners who will never be disappointed.

WOR—Finishing School for Stars

(Continued from page 38)

Irishman, in getting youngsters to swallow spinach, to brush their teeth and to cease putting pill boxes on kitty's feet. From the moment his airplane lands on the roof of WOR and he sings his cheerful "Hello, Little Friends of Mine," hundreds of thousands of children become wide-eyed, tense, quiet as mice with their ears glued to the loudspeaker. They hardly move for the next half hour.

He sings them little ditties of his own making, tells them stories and chats with them, never talking down to them. In the four years he's been on the air, millions of children have come to love him. In fact, I'm sure there'll be no peace in my own home until I take my six year old son over to meet this husky happy-go-lucky, Uncle Don Carney.

If you're one of those souls who's cheerful before breakfast, you'd be charmed, no doubt, by the cheerily conducted calisthenics of John B. Gambling. Or even if you're not, and sometimes regret having grumbled from bed to breakfast table, you might rid yourself of the habit by listening to him every morning. Anyhow, he'd help you take off that roll of fat or toughen up those flabby muscles you've always been intending to do something about.

You can listen to his exercises, interspersed with jokes and homely humor on any one of the three fifteen minute periods which run from 6:45 to 8:00 o'clock. And you can catch your breath during either of the two quarter hour musical periods with which he breaks up the routine. John B. Gambling has been doing this for six years. Yes, he does exercise himself when he's broadcasting.

HERE'S a story which shows how clever WOR has been in picking and building network favorites.

Two years ago, a couple of young comedians wandered into the WOR studios. They didn't look particularly prosperous, and indeed why should they have? They had been kicking around the country doing one night stands and tent shows as blackface comedians.

No one knew Pick and Pat Padgett. But that didn't make any difference to the men who handle WOR's talent. They knew the lads had promise. They put together a minstrel show which bounded

to popularity in a few weeks. Now the two comedians go on great network programs. You've no doubt laughed many times at their comedy.

They are Molasses 'n' January of the Show Boat Hour.

Most of WOR programs of this type go on year after year. Sometimes one is taken off and there are howls of protests. The station still gets daily calls from indignant listeners demanding to know when "Main Street Sketches" is going to be put back on the air.

Well, indignant listeners, it may be back on the air soon. It's just a matter of selling it to a sponsor. Radio stations have to pay their employees every Friday, you know, so you can't expect them to put on too many programs without recompense.

The real inside story of why "Main Street" went off three long years ago has never been told. It was because of a fight between the author and director of the sketches, George Frame Brown, and station officials. After it had been on the air for some time, a sponsor wanted to buy the show. WOR claimed "Main Street Sketches" as its own. Brown, as its creator, said it was his. Everybody got pretty mad and Brown went to the National Broadcasting Company with his "Real Folks" show. There was much litigation and many injunctions and it tied the thing up so that it couldn't be sold.

True, for a brief period about a year ago, it was back on the air, but no one felt like buying it. Don't give up all hope. It might still return.

FOR people who like to sit before their loudspeaker and shiver at chilling dramas, WOR has been presenting, since May, 1931, "The Witch's Tale." It's pretty spooky, and about as thrilling a presentation of supernatural tales as I ever heard on the air.

It all started when Alonzo Dean Cole, an actor and writer of ghost stories, hashed out the idea with Lewis Reid, the station's program director. They finally decided upon a program in which Old Nancy, a Salem witch, starts to tell a ghost story with her words fading into a dramatization of the tale.

Even when you sit in the studio and know it's just play-acting, it's pretty hard

to keep from shuddering as you watch and hear Adelaide Fitzallen, seventy-six year old actress, do the witch so convincingly.

It's little tow-headed, fiery George Shackley, WOR music director, who's responsible for the soothingly blended musical programs. You who have listened to "Choir Invisible" on Sunday evenings and to "Moonbeams" on other nights, have undoubtedly experienced their charm and restfulness.

Strange how many programs of WOR have such characteristics. They seem to know how necessary it is to take the ache out of mother's head and the worries out of father's mind; to satisfy longings and nostalgia.

That's why, no doubt, "Red Lacquer and Jade," that quasi-religious program of harp improvisations and oriental philosophy read by the towering, ingratiating voiced Basil Ruysdael, has been so enthusiastically followed by many people for four years.

THE station's program listings literally abound with these fascinating programs. "WOR Limited," a realistic train ride along a fast flying express with artist passengers; "Miss Katherine and Calliope," the woman and her negro maid played by Katherine Tift Jones; "The WOR Playhouse" and "The Little Symphony" and other programs which, through their similarity in quality to great network programs, are powerful evidence of the superiority of talent and the genius of the men who plan and produce them.

There is one personality who never appears on the air, yet is probably more responsible for the general excellence of WOR programs than any other one person. He is a dark, slender man, outspoken and direct. His fertile mind has conceived many clever program ideas, has recognized many future stars in the unknowns who come to him. That man is Alfred J. McCosker, director of WOR.

How many of the stars and programs now on his station will be taken from him by the networks next year is problematical but there certainly will be some. The network scouts watch them closely. They know that WOR is a finishing school for radio stars.



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you'll enjoy
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